

# THE HOME: <sup>A</sup> FIRESIDE MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1859.



## REPOSE.

BY FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

I HAVE lain me down, with closed eyes,  
And hands folded calmly across my breast,  
Quietly dreaming the sad surprise  
Of those who shall see me thus fallen to rest;  
And the pain in their looks when they find no endeavor  
Can startle my rest, for my sleep is forever:  
And I feel that a smile will lay hid in my eyes,  
And a soft throb of joy stir the pulse in my breast,  
When they sit down to mourning with tears and with cries,  
And shudder at death, which to me is but rest.



So sweet to be parted at once from our pain,  
 To put off our care as a robe that is worn,  
 To drop like a link broken out of a chain,  
 And be lost in the sand by Time's tide overborne;  
 While I know at my loss all the wildest regretting  
 Will be, as a foot-print, wash'd out in forgetting.  
 And sweeter than all, that my faults perish first—  
 That when they behold me so calmly asleep,  
 They will but forgive me my errors at worst,  
 And speak of my praises alone, as they weep.

"Whom the gods love die young," they will say:  
 Though they should think it, they will not say so—  
 "Whom the world pierces with thorns pass away,  
 Grieving, yet praying and pleading to go."  
 No! when they see how divine my repose is,  
 They'll forget that my life-path was not over roses;  
 And they'll whisper together, with hands full of flowers,  
 How always I loved them to wear on my breast;  
 And strewing them over my bosom in showers,  
 With hands shaken by sobs, leave me softly to rest.

There is *one* will come when the rest are away—  
 One bud of a rose will he bring for my hair;  
 He knows how I liked it, worn always that way,  
 And his fingers will tremble while placing it there.  
 Yes, he'll remember those soft June-day closes,  
 When the sky was as flush'd as our own crimson roses—  
 He'll remember the flush on the sky and the flowers,  
 And the red on my cheek where his lips had been press'd;  
 But the throbs of his heart in the long, silent hours,  
 Will disturb not my sleep, so profoundly I'll rest.

So all will forget what to think of were pain—  
 That the heart now asleep in this solemn repose,  
 Has striven with passion and error in vain,  
 And conquer'd not ever its subtlest foes;  
 And their lips will be mute when a deed I have done  
 Haunts their hearts with a pang for the erring one gone.  
 They'll remember she loved them—was faithful and true—  
 They'll forget what a wild will abode in her breast;  
 And repeat to each other, as if they were new,  
 Old stories of what did the loved one at rest.

Ah! while I lie soothing my soul with this dream,  
 The terror of waking comes back to my heart:  
 Why is it not as I thus make it seem?  
 Must I come back to the world e'er we part?  
 Deep was the swoon of my spirit—why break it?  
 Why must I rouse to the struggles that shake it?  
 Alas! there is place on my feet for more bruises;  
 The flowers are not dead on my brow or my breast;  
 When shall I learn rude adversities' uses,  
 And my "tantalized spirit" be surely at rest?



## THE LITERATURE OF SOCIAL DISCONTENT.

BY THE REV. W. S. KENNEDY.

MUCH of our popular literature seems light and useless; but, like the vegetation and animal races of the Pre-Adamite earth, out of which our coal-beds and limestone were formed, these tropical products of mind will have either a present or a fossil use. It is a natural product of the age, and each variety and development must come in its place.

When Pitt was reminded of the poet Burns as a worthy writer needing encouragement, he replied that Literature would take care of itself. The reply was, "Yes, of itself and of you, if you neglect it."

The *Literature of Discontent* calls Burns one of its originators, and sets itself to taking care of its authors, and of those who neglect them. It embraces the sentimental and socialistic literature of France; the Chartist literature of England, and whatever other writings are in sympathy with the Chartist movement; and the Anti-Slavery, Shady Side, and City pauper literature of America. Combined, these products form the literary exponent of the great social struggle now in process in these countries; and hence are significant, though possessing little true literary excellence.

In former ages, literature seldom aimed to express the sentiments of any social class, and so far as it did so, represented the upper rather than the lower classes.

The appearance of a literature representing the interests of the lower classes, indicates an improved position on their part, and greater sympathy for them among the easier classes. Injustice, poverty, and misery are as old as history; but the wretched millions of other ages have perished in silence. Now, for the first time, the poor and oppressed have a voice through the press, and can make the world listen to their wail of anguish.

The literature of discontent found its first bold expression in such works as Goethe's "Werther," and Schiller's "Robbers." The French were stimulated by these works to produce a sentimental, sorry literature, expressive of all varieties of morbid and bitter feelings. But the Revolution gave many of them a chance to work off their vengeance in a more rapid manner than through the press. And when this was over, the discontented began to speculate, and build up theories for the reconstruction of society upon better principles. Hence the Socialistic literature of France.

The English Chartist literature properly began with the poets, such as Crabbe, Burns, and Elliot. These men, endowed with brilliant genius, and worthy of the highest social position, found themselves fettered and degraded by caste; and, scorning the parasite's comfort, which their genius might have forced from the aristocracy, bravely sung the sorrows and wrongs of their guild. As population increased, and improved machinery diminished wages, and intelligence worked down into the masses, the discontent increased, a charter was drawn up, and sought to be forced upon the government, by which the laboring classes might find relief; and hence the name of Chartists. The Charter miscarried, but the Chartists got themselves advertised, and have also got a literature of complaint and vengeance, perhaps the fiercest ever seen.

The prime characteristic of Chartist literature, is its terrible earnestness. It is the remonstrance and wail of men grown desperate under the pressure of hunger, nakedness, cold, and oppression. Out of close shops and steaming factories, crowded cellars and garrets, Irish shanties and dismal collieries, fierce and vengeful voices cry for bread, labor, knowledge—for a chance to live on God's earth, and be men, Chartist literature expresses and repeats these clamors in various forms, employing fiction, poetry, essays upon political economy, and



almost every other kind of writing. The *Shadyside* series, following in the track of Goldsmith's *Vicar*, though less artistic and more truthful, is the pleasantest portion of all the literature under review. The evils at which it aims grow out of the abuses of the voluntary system, and are easily remedied. This theme is now exhausted, and the practical influence of the series is beginning to appear in the increase of clergymen's salaries.

Our city pauper literature describes the poverty, vice, and wretchedness of a class, who cluster in cities where they ought not to be, and suffer because of their own folly and vice rather than on account of any social grievances. To furnish them labor and instruction were much better than to dramatize and parade their miseries and vices before the world. This kind of literature is a nuisance.

Analyzing the literature of social complaint, in respect to its character and general contents, irrespective of national features it divides itself into three classes—the descriptive, the denunciatory, and the remedial or theoretical. Truthful and terrible pictures of pauper life, and social grievances, have been drawn. The danger and temptation here, is the tendency to over-color, and “pile up the agony” too high. A morbid taste in readers increases the temptation to give too much of the horrible. This taste has been created by the miserable class of fiction which preceded this literature of poverty and oppression. But if those who have grown inebriate upon sentimental novels, and the refuse of corrupt society, must have their intoxication prolonged, let them fatten upon that to which they are attached; and let not another department of literature be vitiated and falsified, to keep up the intellectual delirium-tremens of novel readers. Let those who describe the miseries of the oppressed and destitute, see the whole and delineate truthfully. Fiction can not call forth true charity—truth alone will be serviceable. Let them also

labor to create sympathy for the truly injured and deserving, not for villains and criminals. That is a false and puling sentimentalism that overlooks the innocent and injured, while it pleads for rascals and murderers. Let justice, as well as charity, be sustained.

To see clearly and delineate the true evils of society, is not possible for literary amateurs and sentimental misses. A higher grade of talent, and a deeper insight into the philosophy of social life, is needed in this department of letters. Strong men, Christian philanthropists, and able political economists, should do this work.

The *denunciatory* literature of reform is severe and extravagant. Europe's paupers have reason to complain and denounce their oppressors. It is hard to suppress one's indignation in contemplating the unrighteous monopolies by which land, capital, and just wages are withheld, from those who need them. And nothing is sweeter to injured, outraged human nature, than vindictive reproach and imprecation. Yet, mere recrimination and cursing do no good. A fierce outcry may at times call forth avengers; but social abuses can not be healed by insurrection. The true reformer is not wrathful and denunciatory, but quiet, patient, and loving. The burden of reform is the creation of what is good, not the mere annihilation of the defective. Sunshine and dews, not storms and lightning, fructify and adorn the earth. The literature of vengeance has a mission, but it is not the noblest. Be ours the ambition to relieve, comfort, and elevate, not to blast and scathe society.

The *remedial or constructive* literature of reform is not most imperfect. Excepting in France, little has been attempted towards a reconstruction of society; and in France nothing practicable has yet intervened.

English writers speculate upon the means of deliverance for their poor; but their plans are crude and impracticable. One proposes the reduction



of population by war, or by restraints upon marriage; another, the destruction of machinery, and consequent increase of wages; but none, save Charlists, advocate the abolition of monopolies and hereditary grievances, the only true method of reform for England. So far, Europe has but one word of comfort for her million poor, and that is *expatriation*! Away, over the sea, and leave us to our inalienable inheritance and aristocratic monopolies!—Thank God that there is a land which says to the outcast, *come*!

France busies her wits upon socialistic theories. St. Simon would so construct society that every man should have a place and recreation adapted to him, and a reward proportioned to his works. Beautiful! Only, St Simon forgot to tell us how to get his theory into operation. Fourier would abolish all law and restraints, and leave men, to find true happiness, in following their inclinations and gratifying every passion. Social affections and animal passions may attract them into phalanxes; community of interests, property, wives, and children, shall secure equality and natural division of labor; and so we shall get "liberty, equality, and fraternity!" Alas, for the poor, if law, right of property and social virtue are annihilated! Society needs, rather, the abolition of feudal tenures and hereditary monopolies, of caste and legalised oppression; and the extension, to the lower classes, of free competition for property, labor, wages, education, and moral culture. And henceforth, the leading questions of the age will be these social questions; until society be restored to that natural position, now occupied only by the middle class.

The literature under review owes its popularity to the fact that it represents the great social movements and aspirations of the age; and, while oppression and pauperism prevail, it must flourish.

## ROSELAWN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

## I.

WE grew up together—Marshall Houston and I. The same roof covered us, we ate at the same table, and were surrounded by the same associations.

Aunt Ethel Washburne, my father's widowed sister, was our guardian. On the death of my mother, which occurred when I was but six years old, Aunt Ethel had taken me home to Roselawn, for I was entirely alone in the world, my father having been lost at sea about the time of my birth.

Marshall Houston was the son of my uncle Washburne's most valued friend, and on his death-bed that friend had committed his boy to the care of Mr. Washburne; and when my uncle, in his turn, was brought down to the gates of death, he had bequeathed Marshall's welfare, in trust, to my Aunt Ethel.

Faithfully had she responded to the unconscious call for sympathy and affection, which the desolate child made upon her heart, and he has often told me that though his own mother died in giving him life, since he had dwelt with Aunt Ethel he had never felt the lack of maternal care or love. I remember that I went to Roselawn with something of a shrinking dread of the tall boy of twelve, who read his book so quietly in the pleasant library; but after a few days, this feeling wore away, and I came to regard him with a shy but strong friendship.

Roselawn! I wish I could convey to you as vivid a picture of its loveliness as that which is imprinted by memory upon my mind. A long reach of blue hills, fading away and losing themselves in the vapory haze which perpetually hung over the distant peaks of the Kearsage mountains—a fertile valley sloping down until its velvet was bathed by the waters of the Merrimac; while far to the



east, the white spires of the capital city of Concord lifted up their shining fingers to heaven.

On a little eminence to the extreme right of the river was the old house belonging to the estate of Roselawn. A wide, low, rambling structure, with innumerable gables and porticoes, the whole built of gray stone and light oak-wood, and half covered with the tendrils of the climbing rose-plants from which the place derived its name. The former proprietor, my great uncle, had always held this flower in warm estimation, and to his taste and thoughtfulness in planting and cultivating his favorite, Roselawn was indebted for one of its finest ornaments. I can remember now how very sweet was the air of a June morning, when through the open casements floated a perfume soft as the breath of Araby.

In this quiet and beautiful retreat my youth was passed, and here I came up to the bright years of girlhood. I think that I was rather an imaginative child, loving walks by the river and rambles over the wild, free hills better than study; and Aunt Ethel, always indulgent, allowed me to pass as much time as I chose in this kind of amusement. Marshall Houston went with me often, but he always took for a companion some interesting book; and I knew that he did not consider the little sun-browned girl (who tore her dresses among the briars, and lost her slippers chasing butterflies through the swamps) in the light of "society." But I didn't care for this—I was used to his thoughtful, meditative moods; and while he read in the shade of some old tree, I would wander off in search of fruit or flowers, as the case might be.

Notwithstanding this evident dissimilarity, there existed a tacit affection between Marshall and I; and we could never listen with composure when Aunt Ethel wished to discuss her plan of separating us by sending Marshall away to school. We were contentedly happy together—he in his way, I in mine—why need we be dis-

turbed? But Aunt Ethel laughed at our whims, as she called them; and when Marshall was eighteen, and I nearly thirteen, he entered a celebrated academy in the State of Massachusetts. I was to remain at Roselawn under the instruction of Mrs. Rowe—a middle-aged widow of good education but decayed fortune—whom my aunt had engaged to conduct my studies. I remember that I wept very bitterly when Marshall went away; and that he soothed me by telling me that little girls made frights of themselves with crying their eyes red; and if I would desist, he would come back some time and bring me what I had wanted so often—a canary in a gilt cage. He evidently imagined me a spoiled child, grieving because her will was crossed, and a convenient playmate taken from her.

After Marshall's departure, things fell back into their old train at Roselawn. We missed the handsome, intelligent boy, but time soon reconciled us to his absence; and having nothing now to draw off my attention, I made good progress in my studies under Mrs. Rowe's tuition.

In the course of his three years' preparatory course, Marshall made us two flying visits; but he never remained long enough to allow us to get more than a glimpse of him. He had always some engagement to keep with a fellow-student, some excursion to plan for; and he would only run up to the old place, for a day or two, to let us know that he was still alive and hearty. At the end of three years he entered Harvard college in advance, highly commended by his former teachers for his industry in his studies, and for his high moral character.

A few days after, we had received this pleasant intelligence, communicated in a letter to Aunt Ethel; on going down to breakfast, I found my aunt's chair by the bay-window vacant. The servants said that she had not yet come down from her chamber, and that as the meal was waiting,



I had better go up and speak to her, as I alone, of all the household, was privileged to obtrude myself upon her whenever I chose. I flew, merrily humming a tune, up the broad stairs, and tapped at her chamber door. There was no answer, and thinking she might have overslept herself, I turned the handle, and stepped into the room. Aunt Ethel was sitting in her arm-chair by the table; one hand upon the open leaves of a Bible, the other pressed hard against her heart. Her eyes were turned upward, but their cold, dull luster appalled me, and the white chill on her face struck me with awe; I went slowly to her side, and touched her cheek. It was like frozen marble! With the knowledge that she was dead, I uttered a loud shriek, and fell to the floor.

When I awoke to consciousness, I was lying on my bed in my own chamber; but there was a strange, terrible gloom all around me. A mute silence seemed to have fallen upon the world; my limbs were paralyzed, and life rendered sluggish in my veins. I pressed my hands to my forehead, striving to convince myself that I was the victim of a horrible nightmare, and not of a choking reality. But too soon, alas! recollection came back, and I remembered that so far as friends and kindred were concerned, I was alone in the world.

Oh, how desolate, how very desolate were the two days which followed. The darkened rooms, where the air was still and solemn like that of a closed cathedral; the hushed silence of the servants; and the empty chair by the bay-window, which was Aunt Ethel's favorite seat; and I alone in my sorrow, with not a living soul to give me sympathy. Mrs. Rowe was a haughty, distant woman; I would as soon have thought of making a statue my friend; and the servants, though kind, were ignorant. The physician who had been called, pronounced my Aunt Ethel's death the legitimate result of chronic heart-disease; and by his advice, tidings of

the melancholy occurrence had been immediately dispatched to Marshall Houstan. Consequently, he might be expected on the afternoon of the day preceding that named for the funeral.

It was in November; there was a heavy rain-storm which bent down the leafless trees, and beat relentlessly all day against the darkened windows. But I could not remain within doors—there was a wilder storm of grief reigning in my heart. All the morning I tramped up and down the wet gravel sweep in front of the house, striving vainly to feel more reconciled to the sudden blow which had, as it were, cut me off from human love. A quiet, undemonstrative person I had always been considered—there had hitherto been nothing to call out the intensity of my nature, but now, for the first time, I fully realized the strength of affection which I possessed. I had loved Aunt Ethel tenderly, purely, and strongly—so strongly that the severing of the band was like riving the heart of a forest oak. Not until I knew that she was gone from me forever, did I understand how high a place her love had filled in my desolate life; not until then did I realize the blank the world offered me without her ready sympathy.

As evening approached, I went down to the gate and strained my ears to catch the first sound of the railway whistle which would announce to me Marshall's coming. I longed to see him—to ask him for comfort—to take him into the room where she lay, that other tears than mine might hallow the face of the dead whom we both had loved.

It rang out at last—clear and shrill—and then a long, white cloud of smoke settled down in a line by the river; and I heard the deep rumbling of the iron wheels as the train swept into Concord. I knew that Marshall would take a carriage to Roselawn, for it was a good mile; but I felt too restless to await his coming, and bare-



headed and uncovered as I was, I hurried down the road to meet him.

I had traversed a quarter of the distance to the city, when I saw, coming down the opposite hill, a phaeton which I knew belonged to the Gass hotel, containing two persons. One was Marshall, the other, I supposed, some one whom he had engaged to drive him up. I was very near them—so near that I plainly understood Marshall's companion's remark:

"Who can that be? A woman exposed in a storm like this; and bareheaded! Who can it be?"

I looked up to see the carriage almost at my side. Marshall with his handsome face pale and anxious; his companion, evidently a few years older than himself, with a pure Grecian cast of features, dark abundant hair, and eyes whose singular beauty struck me even then, as I met their curious gaze.

"Good Heaven! Agnes Snowe! if it isn't you!" exclaimed Marshall, springing out to offer me his hand; but instead of taking it, I dropped my head on his shoulder, and wept aloud. "Poor child! poor Agnes!" he said, smoothing my hair which was wet with rain. "You have been lonely at the house since she died;—but come into the carriage. Don't you see that you are drenched through?"

Without listening to my remonstrances, he lifted me into the vehicle, and seating me beside his companion, took the reins and drove rapidly to Roselawn. At the door, he assisted me from the carriage; conversed a few moments with the other gentleman, and then followed me into the house, as the phaeton was driven down the road.

Marshall Houston's nature I had never understood, but I knew that though he mourned for Aunt Ethel, it was not with the anguish which tore my own breast. It was cooler, calmer, more calculating; but then, I argued, men are not like women, and their afflictions fall less heavily upon them. My experience was small then; and

I so wanted to find an excuse for Marshall's apathy.

That evening, at tea, he informed me that the gentleman with whom I had seen him in the carriage, was Clinton Rutherford—a Boston attorney; and that he had brought him up to Roselawn to arrange for the settlement of his affairs. Marshall had just become of age, and his property, which had hitherto been under the control of Aunt Ethel, was now to be placed at his own disposal.

"Did Aunt Ethel make a will?" he asked me.

A will! really I did not know. Such a thought had never entered my brain, and I frankly told him so. He smiled at my silly unselfishness, as he evidently considered it, and took immediate measures of ascertaining, by calling on old Judge Moreton, Aunt Ethel's lawyer. He came back with his air and manner full of impatience. Yes, he said, she had made a will, and after the funeral it would be proved and read. His apparent anxiety, displayed so soon after my aunt's death, shocked me; but I remembered that although Aunt Ethel had ever been as a mother to Marshall Houston, she had borne him no blood relationship. And relying upon Marshall's integrity of purpose, I forgave him this seeming haste to bury his grief in the dull details of business.

The day of the funeral, Mr. Rutherford came up to Roselawn, and accompanied the mourning train to the little church in the suburbs of the city, from whence my aunt was buried. When the last rites were over—"dust to dust, ashes to ashes"—we went back to the gloomy house; and there, in the gathering shadows, before the few friends of the deceased who had assembled, the last will and testament of Ethel Washburne was examined and read. Without entering into legal particulars, suffice it to say that the whole of Aunt Ethel's property, excepting a few thousands in legacies to the servants, was left to Agnes Snowe, with a reserve of five thou-



sand dollars, to be paid to Marshall Houston on his graduation.

I was astonished at this disposition of my aunt's property, for if I had ever thought of this affair, I had supposed that Marshall would share equally with me. Marshall's face grew red and pale by turns, and as soon as the lawyer had finished the reading, he went from the room, and I saw him no more that night.

During the remainder of his stay at Roselawn, which extended to three days, he was so coldly distant in his demeanor toward me, that my heart was pained and wounded by his conduct. He entered into formal possession of his property, which was by no means inconsiderable; the bulk being invested in railway stocks and house-lots in the city. To my surprise, he immediately offered the whole for sale, and the securities being good, he soon had the satisfaction of disposing of his entire interest, and depositing his fortune in bank-bills in his pocket. This seemed to me an extraordinary proceeding for a young man yet in college, but he did not see fit to give me his confidence, and I forbore to question him.

The morning of Marshall's departure, I met Mr. Rutherford in the entry. He had come early to accompany his friend to the depot, and make his adieu to the mistress of Roselawn. He was bidding me a polite farewell, when a thought struck me, upon which I acted instantly. Mr. Rutherford was Marshall's confidant, and could tell me the cause of his friend's coldness, and almost harshness, toward me. I would ask him.

"Mr. Rutherford, will you give me a few moments of your time?"

He bowed courteously, but with something akin to surprise on his countenance. "Certainly, Miss Snowe, —it will be a pleasure."

I opened the door of a side parlor, and we went in together.

"Mr. Rutherford," I said, coming at once to the point, "you are Mr.

Houston's friend, and I venture to question you frankly on something in his manner which greatly distresses me. He is all the person in the wide world upon whose friendship I have the slightest claim; and now in my hour of need he denies me his sympathy, and shuns my company as though I were plague-smitten. Can you tell me why?"

Mr. Rutherford smiled, and looked into my face with an expression of mingled curiosity and amusement. At length he remarked, "Miss Snowe has seen but little of the world, I imagine?"

"Very little, sir; and if this is to be my experience, I shall hardly ask to see more."

"Sit down, Miss Snowe, and I will talk to you upon this subject; yet it seems very singular that you do not remember that you, and not Mr. Houston, have recently inherited a fortune. Have you never admitted the possibility that he might feel chagrined at this disposition of your mutual friend's property?"

"Admitted the possibility? How could I? If Aunt Ethel had given the estate to Marshall, I should never have thought of complaining. If that is all the cause of his estrangement, it shall be removed. I will transfer the whole the moment I become of the legal age. I will go this minute and tell him so."

"Pardon me, Miss Snowe, for saying you *will not* go. I would detain you by force first. Be calm, and permit me to reason the matter with you. You respected your aunt, and should feel a reverence for her wishes —you would not willingly disobey her commands?"

"Advise me," I said, reading clearness and truth in the dark eyes which were looking compassionately into mine. "I am ignorant of every thing, but Heaven knows my earnest desire to do right."

He drew me down on the sofa by his side, and spoke to me long, earnestly, and respectfully. He presented



the case in all its bearings; and without betraying the confidence which Marshall Houston had placed in him, he revealed to me something of this young man's character which made me shudder. I had known that Marshall's moral and religious principles were lax, but I had not deemed him dissolute; and with grieved surprise, I drew from Mr. Rutherford the facts which he would have concealed—that Marshall Houston frequented the gaming-saloon!

This, then, accounted in part for his anxiety to inherit Aunt Ethel's wealth; and while I felt shocked and indignant at this course, I could not help pitying him for the temptation's power over his better nature. Mr. Rutherford's power gave me strength, and I was better from having sought it. At parting, he took my hand, and said, "Miss Snowe, in bidding you good-by, allow me to express the hope that if you are ever in need of a friend, you will remember Clinton Rutherford, and apply to him as to a relative. And now, farewell."

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE FLOWERS OF LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE scenery of the natural world might have been finished by the hand of its Maker for all purposes of utility, and the crowning grace of its beauty, the gift of flowers, withheld. The violets tinting the meadows, the wild honeysuckles hanging over the rocks, and the roses smiling upon Alpine heights might never have blessed our vision, and yet the cattle would have grazed their fill of the grass, the rock would have fulfilled its predestined duty, and the traveler upon the mountain been no more cold and weary than now. But would we have been satisfied? would our senses and our souls have been content? or would not some faint conception of unrealized loveliness have haunted us, as visions of angels haunt the dreams

of childhood? Would no dim yearning for unknown sweets possess our senses, as we sat at close of sultry days and felt the pleasant wind fanning our brows unenriched by the blessed breath of blossoms?

Would it be enough for us that we had air to breathe, and food to eat, and clothes to wear? Everywhere Nature whispers to us the truth that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word which cometh from the mouth of God," spoken audibly in all his inexpressibly glorious works. That He has delighted to adorn all that he has made for our use—does it not preach to us also to cultivate the love of beauty, and to refine the coarser duties of life with all that delicacy and spirituality shall dictate? He made the sun to give us light by day and the moon by night; they rise and set, and fulfill their accustomed round; but they are associated with the most varied and magnificent phenomena that the beautiful laws of the absorption and refraction of light will permit; and never is the attending pomp of the morning or evening hours like any other. All things are made for use, but all are combined with beauty; and with many, beauty seems to be the "bright, particular" object of their existence.

This lesson, murmured by every glossy leaf and tossing spray, sparkling upon the silvery wave and shining from the steadfast stars, is not only slighted but scorned by a very large class of materialists—people who think all things made *only* for sensual profit, and who sneer at the vaguest whisper that aught can be of spiritual benefit. Such people know how to make money, usually (they ought to, for their lives, body and soul, are devoted to it); but they do not know how to enjoy it after it is accumulated. They are not the patrons of the arts—not they! They reside, very often, in large square houses with windows that stare like lashless eyes, unsheltered, upon the



street. Go into those houses, and you find precision and sometimes pomp of furniture—tables, and chairs, and carpets, and things for *use*—and, sometimes, if the materialist is influenced by a vain desire to prove his wealth, these things are costly enough. But the spirit of beauty is banished; she does not haunt you with a half-unconscious presence as of some divinity. There is nothing upon the cold walls to catch your fancy and lead it, as by chains of roses, away down unexplored vistas of ideal loveliness. The chilling air is never bewitched by a “concord of sweet sounds,” and no rare creation of genius startles you to rapture as you come suddenly upon some quiet niche. No “dainty Ariel” ever has a mission to these dwellings; their inmates would flout him to his face and bid him begone, with withering contempt, if he came not laden with solid gifts of gold and silver, or bread and cheese.

Doubtless, these materialists think the bloom upon the peach, the purple glow upon the grape, the red streak upon the apple, and the flush of the strawberry’s cheek “all nonsense”—they would taste as well without them; nevertheless, God saw fit to add the charm of beauty, and we may know that He believes in its wisdom. So has He given to the form of man elegance as well as strength; He has curved the lashes which shade the love-light in the eye of woman, rounded her figure, and tinted her face with changing and lovely color, taught her hair to fall in burnished locks, and arched her foot to lightness and grace. If all the things of earth were given us to minister only to our sensual comfort, and nothing to exalt the spirit with undefined and immortal yearnings after a still higher perfection of beauty—if the real in no way ministered to that ideal which will one day itself become the only real, then indeed would selfishness sink to the most sordid depths.

In women we generally see that development of fancy and taste which answers, in the character of humanity,

to the part the flowers assume in the character of nature,—not of much evident use, but pleasing, and serving to brighten and adorn the sterner features of life. She plants the rose-bush and trains the jasmin-vine, while man is busy with the cultivation of lettuce and peas. These tastes with her often degenerate into the veriest triflings, and she flings only paper blossoms at the feet of man; or else into a sickly sentimentality, and the rose-buds are all pining and worm-eaten with which she would refresh his wearied brow; but that is her fault, and not the fault of the nature bestowed upon her. Yet it is better that she should over-dress and over-refine herself, look long in the mirror, be a little trifling and a little inefficient, than that all the beauty of life should run to waste, and her nature be no check upon the hard practicality of man’s. If she were as coarse and stern, going always by the invariable laws of human-reason, it would be very like her to go to work to pull up all the lilies and roses, and set out cabbages in their place.

Not that all men prefer cabbages to flowers; but if the predilections of the gentler sex were as much for utility as theirs, it might arrive at that after a while. A class of these materialists, and they are a large class in this country, requiring entirely the “grace and glory of life,” deem that in “work—work—work!” the sole duty of humanity consist.

“Work—work—work!  
From weary morn till night;  
And work—work—work—work  
While the stars are shining bright,”

is their motto, and they fix this unfaltering rule by which to judge of the wants of their fellow-beings.

As for us, when our work is accomplished and duty fulfilled (were that ever the case with overtasked daily editors) we should like to recline “on beds of violets,” with the soft south-wind to play around us, as Shakspeare hath it, we forget how, and have Tennyson’s “Bugle Song” played in the distance. Heigho!



## THE FUNNY FOLKS.

BY MRS. BARRITT.

SINCE Dr. *Holmes*, with wholesome fears  
Of injuring fellow-man,  
Has told us that he never dares  
"Be funny as he can,"

A host of wags, without the dread  
Of homicide before their eyes,  
By jokes have gain'd their "daily bread,"  
Unheeding orphans' cries.

I had a friend—he is no more—  
Call'd L. Tobias Jones;  
He got to reading *Shillaber*,  
The flesh shook off his bones.

I saw him shake, I saw his lips  
Stretch'd tightly o'er his shining teeth,  
His eyes protruding, and his breast  
Convulsed to catch his breath.

I saw him, and I ran to get  
Some soberer sort of book,  
Hoping to change his mood with that,  
But still the victim shook.

I chanced upon that wicked vol.  
I. K. P. *Doesticks* wrote—  
My friend laugh'd on until the veins  
Like ropes enlaced his throat.

In fright I threw that book away,  
And wildly caught at one  
Whose sober binding look'd as if  
It never thought of fun.

I read, and lo! in twenty lines  
My hearer's face was set  
In such a horrid look of mirth  
As I shall ne'er forget.

Madly I sought the title-page—  
Would e'er that face relax?  
And found I'd got my hand upon  
Some verses writ by *Saxe*.

"Tis useless all!" I cried, in pain,  
My friend to death will shake  
Before I find a sober thought  
'Twill his attention take.

I tumbled o'er a pile of books—  
I might as well have not,  
For I myself began to laugh  
At pious old "Bedott."

Just then, while gazing at my friend  
In speechless, dread despair,  
I spied a bran new, uncut book  
Upon a library chair.

The leaves I tore in eager haste,  
Quite disregarding trimmens,  
I plunged into a chapter of  
That queer old maid, "Miss Slimmens."

But long before the end was near,  
Poor L. Tobias Jones  
Grinn'd on me from his wide arm-chair  
A fleshless rack of bones.

Now in your ears, ye witty ones,  
Oh, let it make you dumb!  
I wish to put a little flea—  
A "flea from the wrath to come."

## THE SHIP OF LIFE,

BY MRS. T. H. BEVERIDGE, OF TEXAS.

A GALLANT ship is gayly launch'd,  
The breeze blows fresh and free:  
No fear the seaman's cheek hath blanch'd,  
For she rideth on right gloriously,  
Over the fathomless sea.

She is steering on to a syren shore,  
And Pleasure is at her helm:  
Lightly she floateth the waters o'er,  
And heedeth not of the breakers' roar,  
Or the storm that may overwhelm.

Bright and blue are the skies above,  
And she tracketh her way in light;  
The crew are dreaming of stream and grove,  
Where in blissful visions they soon shall rove,  
On the shore almost in sight.

On—on! we shall soon be there—  
And our mortal span prolong,  
By chasing away every cloud of care  
With smiling joys ever new and rare!  
'Mid music, and mirth, and song!

But lo! a shadow steals o'er the sky!  
The ocean is vail'd in gloom;  
Mournful tones through the white sails sigh,  
Like a Spirit voice from the spheres on high,  
Warning of death and doom!

Oh! Heavenward, Heavenward turn your sail,  
Ere on yon fearful shore  
Ye sink in night, where the howling gale,  
Doth o'er the lost ones moan and wail,  
Who have gone to return no more!

False is the pageant that seems so fair;  
False are the lights that lure!  
And the warp of darkness that's woven there,  
Of sin and sorrow, and deep despair,  
Through Eternity shall endure!

But see, afar, o'er the sea of life,  
A Haven of rest appears!  
There, are no joys with temptation rife,  
There, is no anguish and pain and strife—  
There, are no parting tears.

There, shall no shadow the "Dayspring" mar,  
That beams o'er the Angel Band;  
Then flee from Earth's pageant of sin afar,  
By the light of Bethlehem's guiding Star,  
Oh! steer for the "Better Land!"



## FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

MARBACH, a little town in western Germany, has the honor of giving birth to one of the greatest modern masters of song. There Friedrich Schiller was born, Nov. 10, 1759, ten years later than his immortal friend Goethe.

His father was an army surgeon in the service of Bavaria, but was further advanced by his native prince to the rank of captain, and, after his retirement, superintended the laying out of certain pleasure grounds belonging to the Duke of Wurtemberg. He was a truly respectable *man*,—quiet, modest, thoughtful, honest, and heartily devout. He lived to enjoy the splendid fame of his son, and, in his last days, recorded a prayer which he had uttered over the cradle of his boy—"that the Great Father would supply in strength of spirit what must needs be wanting in outward instruction;" and he appended his devout thanksgiving that "God had heard the prayer of a mortal."

From his mother, we think we may safely say, Schiller inherited, mostly, his poet nature. She was, in her station, a rare and pleasing figure. To the good housewife and tender parent she joined an enthusiastic love of reading, especially poetry. All honor to the good Frau Schiller; would that we knew her better.

Some memoranda still remain of the boy Friedrich's poetic feats, but they scarcely outstrip the precocities of any village wonder. The schoolmasters marked him in their record, "*puer bonæ spei*"—a boy of good hope—after all the best record possible. He seems to have been a modest boy, sportive but not gay, nervous, easily thrown into the background, prone to fall into reverie and splendid imaginings, and with a certain promise of undeveloped strength.

Schiller was designed for the ministry, and all his thoughts and hopes tended thither, when a somewhat per-

emptory invitation from his prince forced him to enter a free law-school which had been recently opened at Stuttgard. He was in his fourteenth year, when, with a heavy heart, he turned his back on poverty and freedom.

Experience only confirmed the justice of his instincts. Bound down by inflexible military rules to a routine of study most repugnant to his tastes, the questioning voice of his genius just beginning to lift itself in his troubled soul, and the dim, glorious fields of poesy receding day by day further from him, no wonder that the spirit of the youth chafed sullenly in its prison-house. The Duke of Wurtemberg was a petty military despot, without culture or appreciation of art, and the only release he would grant to the prayers of the young man was an exchange from the Law to the Medical department of his seminary,—a change not satisfactory, but still grateful.

In 1780, Schiller received his diploma, and the post of surgeon to a regiment in the Grand Duke's army. About this time, there appeared on the boards of one of the first German theaters a new play, entitled "*The Robbers*." It was received with unbounded applause, and very shortly became the rage wherever the German language was spoken. It lay on the table of princes, and the rude shepherd-boys of the Alps rehearsed its impassioned periods to one another. It was even rumored that one fine young nobleman had gone mad over the book, and betaken himself to bandit life in emulation of the robber hero—a story without foundation, but showing the immense fascination of the play. Men looked everywhere for the fierce young Hercules who had struck such a sounding chord, nor could they credit their senses when the bashful, uncomely boy Schiller appeared to claim the laurel.

But "*The Robbers*," although a feeble composition beside Schiller's more mature works, had brought al-



ready a better reward than fame. It had been the only love-labor of his Stuttgard life.

In Moor, the robber chief, he had drawn himself—with him he snuffed the blessed air of freedom—through his lips he poured forth all those fierce, bitter, turbulent emotions which might have found a more dangerous channel. “‘The Robbers,’” says Carlyle, “is the production of a strong untutored spirit, consumed by an activity for which there is no outlet, indignant at the barriers which restrain it, and grappling darkly with the phantoms to which its own energy, thus painfully imprisoned, gives being.”

But the Grand Duke saw nothing beneath the regimental trappings of the young surgeon but ingratitude and audacity; he called him into his presence, and commanded him to write no more plays without submitting them to his censorship. Schiller was harrassed by a thousand fears. He knew the jealous temper of his prince, and how easily he would foster a grudge into a charge of treason—he remembered with a shudder one Schubert, poet and musician, the gayest of mortals, who, for jesting words lightly spoken, had lain for hopeless years in the duke's strong castle of Hohenasperg. Schiller had already been imprisoned a week for going incognito to see his own play acted, and dark hints of severer measures were thrown out. And thus it came to pass that one fine day in the autumn of 1782, while Duke Charles was receiving some royal guests, and all Stuttgard was agape, the poor, friendless poet took a stealthy leave of the inhospitable city, and wandered away homeless and penniless into the great world.

The world! It has a hard sound ever to the youth when he first essays it—harder there in the heart of despotic Germany, where the fugitive from home had his sovereign's curse upon him. But there is something grand and heroic about this youth—he has a free and kingly spirit like his

own Wallenstein and Wilhelm Tell—there is that in his bearing which assures us he will conquer life. And thus as he stops to salute finally the lessening towers of Stuttgard, he takes joyful leave of its stunted beggarly life, and turns with springing foot to new endeavors and new hopes.

Schiller at first intended to make neighboring Mannheim, where he had an enlightened friend and patron, his city of refuge, but he feared the avenger's footstep, and hastened on into Franconia. There, living incognito, we find him engaged in that great wrestle for existence, that struggle for the bread which nourisheth, from which poets, proverbially, are not exempt. From this obscure and difficult life, which could scarcely have answered his youthful dreams, he was released by a noble-hearted woman, the mother of some fellow-student; she gave him a home for many months, and treated him with the tenderest kindness.

Life now offered brighter omens to the poet. He had freedom and friendship. Under their softening influence the turbulence and disquiet of his spirit subsided, and he rose into a calmer and higher atmosphere of feeling.

Two tragedies, completed during this first year of freedom, mark the stages of his mental growth. His own criticism on “The Robbers” was, that it was written two years before he had seen a man. And truly the automatic manikins, with whom he had enacted the farce of living, at Stuttgard, gave him about as much insight into human nature as the figures on a chess-board. He had now begun to study life from real models, and “Fiesco” and “Kabale und Liebe” show a great advance. Schiller was coming into dearer relations with himself and the world—he was beginning to straighten the threads in a hitherto tangled fate. His new plays were brought out with great applause at Mannheim, and gained him the honorable post of poet to the



theater. Thus ended the "storm and stress" period of his life—to calmer skies let us follow him.

Schiller occupied his critic's chair for eighteen months. He worked with eagerness and pleasure, dividing himself between a multitude of employments; instructing players in their art, introducing to his countrymen the masters of French and English tragedy, editing the *Thalia*—a journal whose aim was to elevate the drama—and carrying steadily forward a new play which should paint the sad, tearful history of Don Carlos of Spain.

He was now a bachelor of twenty-five years, and although he had found in his bookseller's house a "Laura" for whom to build the lofty rhyme, his wooing did not progress toward marriage. Housekeeping which he had undertaken was too much for a poet's equanimity. Let us hear his complaint; "It costs me less to execute a whole conspiracy, in five acts, than to settle my domestic arrangements for a week; and poetry, you yourself know, is but a dangerous assistant in calculations of economy. My mind is drawn different ways; I fall headlong out of my ideal world if a holed stocking remind me of the real world." On his removal to Leipzig, he concluded to relinquish his troublesome independence, and go into lodgings. Here is an inventory for a poet's garret. "I want nothing but a bed-room, which might also be my working-room; and another chamber for receiving visits. The household-gear necessary for me are a good chest of drawers, a desk, a bed and sofa, a table, and a few chairs." He seems not to have been ghost-proof, for he adds, "My windows, positively, must not look into the church-yard."

Leipzig did not satisfy his desires, nor did Dresden, where, however, he lingered some years, always working on through rest and unrest with the strong will of an onward-bound soul. History, philosophy, and poetry successively engaged him, nor did he

forget that there are higher inquiries than these. The dread problem of eternity, past and to come, stood before him with a solemn significance in his most thoughtful hours. Honestly and painfully he struggled with the mighty question, but without solution, for he interrogated *reason*, not *faith*. After all his philosophic speculations about the mystery of life, he is forced to say: "What went before and what will follow me, I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one once within it, will answer those he has left without; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question as if you shouted into a chasm." Truly grander and more sublime is the simple faith of a child, than the wise negation and profound uncertainty of all philosophy!

All the intellectual sympathies of Schiller had long drawn him toward Weimar—the little capital of Saxony and the Athens of Germany. Around that petty court the enlightened patronage of its prince had gathered the choicest poetical talent of the age; it was the home of Herder, Wieland, and, above all, Goethe. Schiller first visited it in 1787, and found its society so congenial, that he determined never more to quit it. "What excellences," he writes, "are in Weimar! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean to settle for life, and at length once more to get a country."

Two years after, he found his dearest wishes gratified by the offer of a professorship of history in the university of Jena—so near Weimar, that his relations there need not be disturbed. He now felt himself settled for life, and at liberty to gladden his home with a happiness for which he had long yearned.

The fair form of the Fraulein



Lengefeld, now become Frau Schiller, blends sweetly into the texture of the poet's life, giving to it a tender earthly coloring which it needed to make it altogether lovable. Henceforth if we seek his habitation, it is no longer a castle of dreams, but a cottage among the roses, with birds and flowers in the windows, and the light and warmth of love in every room. During the days of betrothal, the impatient lover had written: "To be united with a person that shares our sorrows and our joys; that responds to our feelings; that molds herself so pliantly, so closely to our humors; reposing on her calm and warm affection, to release our spirit from a thousand distractions, a thousand wild wishes and tumultuous passions; to dream away all the bitterness of fortune in the bosom of domestic enjoyment; this is the true delight of life." How truly the poet's wife realized this beautiful ideal, one of his glowing letters will show: "Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone; even in summer. Beautiful nature! I now, for the first time, fully enjoy it—live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here! I look with a glad mind around me; my heart finds a perennial contentment without it; my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment; my existence is settled in harmonious composure, not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear."

The life of Schiller was now rounding into its fullest and happiest development. With a heart at rest, abundance of congenial employment, a sufficient maintenance, an inspiring circle of friends, and the future opening into a boundless vista of progress, his days moved on in an ever-deepening and brightening current.

Schiller soon became so absorbed in the duties of his professorship, that poetry was nearly forgotten. His

"Revolt of the Netherlands" was already ready before the world—in 1791 he published "A History of the Thirty Years' War;" both works which gained him a leading place among philosophic historians.

But upon this pleasant scene of activity there came the knell of heavy sickness. Schiller was so absorbed in intellectual pursuits, that he could never be persuaded to take care of his health. The midnight stroke always called him to his severest toil. A cup of coffee, or more usually of wine, prefaced his labors, and any late stroller on the heights of Jena might have seen his gaunt, spectral form pacing his study, now violently gesticulating, then stopping by his desk to put down a thought and imbibe a little more stimulant. With the dawn he retired to his feverish dreams. Goethe once sat down to his desk, and was overcome by an insupportable stench. Casting about for the cause, he opened a drawer, and found it full of rotten apples! Schiller's wife explained that her husband thought their odor wholesome, and could not compose without it. Goethe, not himself a model of abstinence, used to admonish his friend of his bad habits of diet, and it is probable that all these irregularities combined to break down his constitution. Schiller's life from this period was one martyrdom to pain. The whole apparatus of life seemed to be out of joint, and though he survived fourteen years, every day was wrenched from the grave by an heroic will. When we think of what he suffered and what he accomplished during this time, no words can measure our admiration and reverence. Never does he take a poet's license to burden the air with the plaint of his private woes. Even on Goethe, in almost daily correspondence, he makes no demand for sympathy; seldom does he refer to his maladies, except to say that the "unfriendly weather" had retarded his studies. And yet these were the years in which he produced the noblest of his tragedies—



"Wallenstein and Wilhelm Tell," edited the *Horen* and the *Musen almanach*, and wrote the "Diver," "Song of the Bell," and other exquisite minor poems.

It was by the beautiful ministry of work that Schiller sought alleviation of his sufferings. Often as he paced his lonely study, while wife and children were wrapt in painless slumber, his soul would rise into brotherhood with the knightly spirits of his song, and nerves which erst had thrilled with sharpest anguish, would now take up a rapturous burden, and leave him victor over the flesh for one imperial hour.

It is impossible to write of Schiller and leave Goethe out. The annals of literature do not furnish another so close and tender friendship sundered only by death. Working side by side in the same field of high endeavor, standing before the same human tribunal, how easily the seeds of bitter envy and jealousy would have sprung up in less noble minds! There was between them none of that equality of birth and station which is thought necessary to a stable friendship. Schiller's youth, we have seen, was obscure and straitened; Goethe had wealth and rank, and received the most generous culture that Europe afforded. In person Schiller was large, bony, and ungainly; his features would have been unpleasant, if they had not been ennobled by expression; and he had the nervous, timid bearing of a man who has been humiliated in early life. In company he was quiet, sensitive, and totally averse to display. Goethe, on the contrary, was a very Apollo in form and feature. It would seem as if every god had laid a gift on his cradle. His bearing and aspect were royal, and the people called him, when a young man, "the glorious youth." He was the most distinguished ornament of every circle, whether social or literary, and kept the throne by a sort of imperial right. Thus the whole outward life of these men

would seem to keep them apart; and there were yet deeper contrasts of thought and opinion. Goethe represented the realistic school in Art—Schiller the ideal; their mental constitution and modes of thought were radically divergent; each sought to raise society, but by a different lever; both would recreate the perfect man, but by diverse processes; each worshiped perfection and beauty with an honest faith, and therefore the symbols of the other seemed profane;—thus these kindred spirits were long in recognition.

They appear to have first met in company. Goethe, fresh from Italy, and full of new thoughts, was unfolding to his admiring auditors his treasures of conversation, and drawing all hearts to him. As he sat there in his happiest mood, turning the current of discourse as he listed from grave to gay, pouring out without effort wit, poetry, and philosophy, dropping carelessly words which should echo ever after, Schiller stood by and attentively listened; and while his whole soul did homage to the god-like man, while he felt the largeness of his nature and the ripe fullness of his gifts, he was not drawn toward him. He felt painfully, but without jealousy, the narrower bounds of his own powers, their crudeness and harshness, and he thought silently that the wide curve of Goethe's progress could only touch the lesser circle of his own. Goethe, too, felt the repulsion, and it was long before they sought more cordial relations. But when they had once clasped hands in brotherhood, their intimacy grew closer every day. They often spent weeks together, evolving each other's ideas, criticising the work in hand, and animating their mutual progress. We are told that they used to be seen at Triesnitz, half a mile from Jena, "sitting at table, beneath the shade of a spreading tree, talking and looking at the current of passengers." It was a goodly sight for a painter.

In addition, they wrote almost daily



letters, which are collected, and form a most remarkable journal of the work-life of two great poets. Therein it is delightful to see their satisfaction when their lines of thought ran parallel, their constant wish to see eye to eye,—Goethe with wider scope and more potent resources leading his friend into broader fields—Schiller, the fiery soul, stirring up his brother to new labors, assuring him of success, and each cheering the other on to more fruitful works. Schiller's letter to Goethe, in which he pours out the love, pride, and rapture with which he had read his friend's "Wilhelm Meister," dwelling in its master-strokes with a fond enthusiasm, is one of the most touching exhibitions of an unselfish friendship to be found.

But we approach the close of this grand, unaffected life. It did not happen to our poet as to Humboldt, his dear friend and associate, to gather up the thoughtful wisdom of a long life, and write it down in the serene light of sunset—he died with his books and plans lying unfinished around him; his life-chart but half unrolled, with many fields of noble inquiry and lofty table-lands of thought traced lovingly thereon, which no stranger's hand could finish—there let it rest till the day that shall try it!

In the spring of 1805, Schiller found the disorder under which he had labored so many years getting rapidly worse. He was nursed with the tenderest assiduity, but gradually sunk till the 5th of May, when it became evident that death was near. All that morning his mind wandered, but as the sun descended in the west, the delirium passed away, and the soul of the poet looked forth once more clear, firm, and tranquil. He took a tender farewell of his wife and four little children, and desired that his funeral should be without display. Being asked how he felt, he replied, "Calm-er and calmer;" and again after sleeping, he looked up cheerfully, and said, "many things were growing plain and

clear to him;" once more his eyelids closed and his countenance settled into the majestic calmness of death.

Dare we hope that in that dread final hour, when earth and its illusions slipped from beneath him, his soul looked out into the near eternity with an humble childlike trusting prayer, and the Great Teacher heard and led him into the Light and Life toward which he had so painfully groped?

Schiller died on a Friday; he was to have been buried on Sunday, but owing to the state of the remains, the interment was hastened. The grave-scene was lonely and grand as the poet's life. It was between midnight and one in the morning when they approached the church-yard. The overclouded heaven threatened rain. But as the bier was set down beside the grave, the clouds suddenly split asunder, and the morn, coming forth in peaceful clearness, threw her first rays on the coffin of the departed. They lowered him into the grave; and the moon again retired behind her clouds. A fierce tempest of wind began to howl, as if it were reminding the bystanders of their irreparable loss. At this moment who could have applied without emotion the poet's own words:

"Alas, the ruddy morning tinges  
A silent, cold, sepulchral stone;  
And evening throws her crimson fringes  
But round his slumber dark and lone."

## SONNET.

BY D. A. BIBB.

ATTEND, weak man, unto thine own affair,  
Nor judge of any soul except thine own;  
Love whom thou canst, and leave the rest  
alone;  
Of envy, hate, contempt, alike, beware,  
Whate'er his state may seem, or dark or fair,  
Know once for all thou canst not know that  
state;  
Nor any, save the One who didst create,  
Can pierce a soul and weigh the secrets there;  
Whate'er of joy a life may seem to wear,  
Whate'er the folly or the sin one does,  
Add not these very bitterest of woes  
Unto the griefs which thou perforce must  
bear;  
Who envies, hates, scorns, is blind and mad—  
Where these are not, this life can scarce be sad.



## THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

## CHAPTER XV.

"We look before and after,  
And we pine for what is not."

SHELLEY.

"Lay the dead Christ beside me,  
Oh, press him on my heart!  
I would hold him long and painfully  
Till the weary tears should start;  
Till the divine contagion  
Heal me of self and sin,  
And the cold weight press wholly down  
The pulse that chokes within."

SO muttered Eleanor, quoting from her favorite author, the evening of the visit from Martha Livingstone. She felt peculiarly and overmasteringly desolate that night—why, she scarcely asked herself. Whether the young moon, whose silver crescent hung in the western sky, discernable from the table where she sat, and the warm spring breeze, had awakened unusual yearnings to be free from the monotony of her present life—or whether the contrast between her own situation and that of the beautiful and wealthy girl she had met on such kind terms that day, had inspired a more bitter discontent, she did not question. She had no one in whose bosom to pour out the overflowing waters of her spirit, except her mother, and her she dared not pain by the passion and anguish of her regrets and yearnings. So, only as a vent to what would otherwise burst her heart, she went again to her diary, and there wrote until she grew more composed. If any one is curious to read some of the speculations, fancies, and experiences scattered through that book, of a sewing-girl's life, they may follow the few extracts which we make:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

And full many a flower is born never to blush or bloom at all; pale, sickly, stunted buds, lingering awhile upon the branch, then drooping, dropping, their destiny of beauty and sweetness all unfulfilled. Chilled by the harshness of their fate, growing

on some spot of shade and gloom, nipped by an early frost, transplanted to an ungenial clime, hidden away in some dark nook, or with some canker at heart, they never arrive at the possession of their dower of perfume and bloom. Yet, who knoweth what power, and grace, and sweet influence lay in them unrecognized? Who knows if they had but shared the sunshine and the grateful showers with the roses and lilies which are the pride of the parterre, that they would not have rivaled their compeers in the rich excess of loveliness?

Full many a human flower is born to blush unseen—many a life is blighted from its youth by neglect of the world, by the frosts of poverty, the canker of care, the cold, repelling place where fate has consigned its existence; many a young girl, depressed by circumstances, denied the companionships of gentle associates and loving friends, has lived to see her expanding graces drop away like frosted buds, has grown dark and sorrowful of heart, looking her young years in the face with an old look; and oh! many have *dared* to sin, in hopes of putting away the evil which would shut up their soul in a prison of fearful indifference and neglect. The world is full of sad histories, written out by sympathetic hearts, which excite pity for suffering, indignation for wrong; but the *saddest* histories are untold—their sorrows, madness, despair, death, are shut away from the light by the very circumstance of being born into poverty, and they come, endure, then pass away with no sign or recognition from the world that they were human. Blessed hope of the Christian! In the better life to come there is an end to wrong and pain, and the bliss is all the greater for the terrors of their earthly passage. Were it not so, what recom-



pense should forbid the sufferer from seizing the knife of suicide, or the poison bowl of the atheist?

How the "pent-up powers" of the winds are loosed to night! There are howlings, and moanings, and shriekings in the air; every housetop seems to have a tongue; every spire a chorus of voices; every corner an echo that fills the heart with an awe as if the spirits of madness were holding riot over lost souls. Ah me! it is a time for thought, fearful thought! and the spirit of me goes forth into the darkness alone to see, and hear, and know for itself the truth of this being which is so little removed from our chambers of sleep. I will pray to the angels "to keep me from harm," for my soul is as dark and wild to-night as the elements around. It will all pass away—this storm and terror—and the morning will be purer and fairer for the commotion that has stirred the world's innermost silences: so may my spirit be purer and fairer for this commotion which is desolating its hopes to-night.

Some one has said, and how truly! that "a pure passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence." How, during my late illness, have I looked upon my most-prized books with apathy, when, if a dear friend but sent a few flowers, my heart leaped into a quickened life, and dreams came of such soothing sense as to make me a child again. No thing of art could bring such balm! Are they angels in disguise? I think so at times, looking upon their exquisite forms, their incomprehensible attributes of perfume and color and apparent consciousness. Wherever they have a dwelling-place, there we find some one of gentle disposition who seeks to render earth the more beautiful and good. Dear flowers! may you always be a companion and a delight, for then I shall know my heart is not dead to what is pure and fair.

Yesterday a marriage and to-day a death: thus moves the panorama of life! Troops of joys, of hopes, of loves come in with the marriage-bell, and alas! they go out in sorrow and despair at the toll of the sexton's bell. Who shall stay the ordinances of God? Who shall stay the flower that is in bloom, or forbid its leaves to fall? Not the beautiful of earth, nor yet the angels in heaven, for God alone disposes; and the fairest and brightest, as well as the frailest and darkest creature of His creation, are but instruments of His will. We come, have years of being, then pass away, all for His purpose, I know. Like the seasons, each to teach its duties and lessons, are the phases of our lives: we come into the world weeping and causing pain—flourish with many fortunes of gladness and more of gloom, then pass away joyfully or with sorrow, as our life has taught us. Oh, the mystery of this passage through the years allotted to us!

Kind words are to the heart what odor is to the senses—a blessing and a balm. They not alone turn away wrath, but sadness and misgivings; while pain disappears at the gentle sound, and the world is as bright as when the somber cloud has passed from the face of the summer sky. How changed would be the sky of every existence if no cloud was ever there to mar its beauty! How every face would bear the imprint of heaven, and every heart leap to love, as the seas to the wooing winds! My soul has been athirst all day for some gentle word, but it comes not! Here in this great house I have sat, sewing patiently for fourteen long, long hours, and no word of love has been spoken, not even a whisper of kindness! The mother is all hauteur, the children are insolent, and the servants impertinent to the poor sewing-girl, whose soul longs for some gentle word as the starveling snail longs for the drop of water which shall give it its old life over again. I close my eyes, and my



mind goes back in its memories to the days when I had joys as many as the mornings and evenings of the band of birds around our dear old home. I hear loving words from loving lips alone—no harsh words in that paradise! Will it ever come again? Be still, my heart, swelling in my bosom like the spring beneath the rocks, craving to be loosed. I would love the veriest wretch of the street did he but speak kindly to me now, there is such a sense of oppression here in this lordly place. Perhaps some one will come to me and speak the gentle word which soothes pain and vanishes fear. Will *he* come?

I have seen so much untruth lately, that I am disgusted with human nature. Mrs. W. . . . came down, early this morning, to see if I was at my work—she expected me to make a silk dress entire to-day, with what help she could give on the skirt. I told her it could not be done. She said it *must*—it *should* be, for she was to go to her minister's reception to-night, at ten o'clock. All day long she has haunted me—telling me how much work Miss Green had done for her in a day,—how she knew I could do as much if I but would. At noon my lunch was sent to the work-room—a cup of strong tea, without sugar or milk, and a biscuit soaked in wine; both of which were distasteful, but were swallowed as the only alternative. Mrs. W. . . . said, patronizingly, they would give me strength to do a full day's work. I worked steadily, as usual, and six o'clock found the dress not within several hours of completion. I was not asked down to dinner—another cup of raw tea and biscuit soaked in wine were sent up, to save any loss of time. I worked till half past nine, and the dress was not done. Mrs. W. . . . became greatly angered—said she would go in no other dress, and finally sent over a note to say to the minister that she was unwell, and would not possibly be able to be present. Now

Mrs. W. . . . is a very pious woman outwardly, being at the head of every charitable enterprise originating in her church; she talks nothing but of the poor and their relief to all her visitors; she has her minister come to the house every Saturday morning for prayers, and on that day gets up an elegant lunch, having wine, and coffee, and cigars after, of all of which the minister partakes. This *charitable* woman has just left my room, angry because of her disappointment, telling me she should never want my help any more, and upbraiding me for thus losing the patronage of a woman of her character and benevolence.

Are these people so blind that they do not see their hideous moral delinquencies, or are they hypocrites of a deliberate, well-trained character, plotting against humanity for their own little earthly advancement? I really can not make up my mind—I must observe more ere I pronounce an opinion. The class of these "benevolent" ladies, like Mrs. W. . . ., is large; they almost invariably treat their sewing-girls as she has treated me to-day. I think their character worthy of study.

I went out to-day for a walk, it was so sunny and tempting. My poor frame has grown weak from too much work for Miss Van Doren, who goes to the South soon, "for her health," she says. On the Square I met with a dear child, whose kisses were strangely given to me; she said "I was her dear mamma who had been buried a great while ago!" The nurse said the little darling's mother had been dead for two weeks; that the child had cried for her much, and asked to have her mamma brought back; that I did look something like her, because I was so pale and thin. I sat down and wept, for pity of the babe, and from sorrow at my own wrecked health. I told the child that I was not her mamma—that she was gone to heaven; but that I would



love her little girl very dearly. At this she cried very bitterly, when the nurse seized her roughly, and looked at me contemptuously as she bore the child away. I now realized that my dress was poor—that I was nothing except a sewing-girl; what right had I to ask that little orphaned girl to love me? I went back to my work, sorrowing in my very soul at the humiliation of my position. Miss Van Doren met me at the door—questioned me as to where I had been—demanded to know if I considered it Christian to rob her of my time, for which she paid me such large wages (five shillings per day)—if it was doing as I wished to be done by? I explained to her that I should work all the better for a little needed exercise, but she said I need not take any more.

I can not tell what is my duty, so conflicting are my emotions to-night. I can not pray, for it seems as if God had a contempt for a mere sewing-girl. That poor child, whom I probably never shall see again, haunts me painfully; for a nurse who would tear it away from me so rudely, will not treat it tenderly. My haggard face haunts me—I seem the specter of myself, passing through the formulas of life from mere force of habit. Then the words of Miss Van Doren ring in my ears, convincing me of my identity, and my soul cries out in its very madness: “I am *not* deserving of this torture. Pity me, O dear Saviour!”

I walked out on the Square again, to-day, for I was too ill to work, and resolved not to sacrifice every personal duty and feeling to the selfish exactions of others. Upon the Square I found, as usual, a crowd of children and nurses, and the dear child I saw yesterday. She was playing by herself, no nurse was near. Seeing me, she again ran to my arms, overjoyed at the meeting. I perceived she was not well, and had been crying too much. We sat long together. At length I noticed a man, evidently a

coachman, coming hastily toward us. He walked directly up to me, seized the child, and, shoving me rudely by the shoulder, asked “how I *dared* to be familiar with a child under *his* charge?” Soon the nurse came up and bore off the little creature who cried piteously for me. I was so shocked at the man’s rudeness that, for a moment, I was paralyzed. My self-possession soon returned, and I told him “he was a brute to offer a woman such an insult.” At this he would have struck me, had I not called out for the police. An officer was near, having seen the whole affair. He seized the Irish rascal, and told him to leave the Square immediately, or he would help him to the station-house. The Irishman left, muttering that he would have his revenge on me. I told the officer of my meeting yesterday, and my surmises that the nurse was neglecting and cruelly treating the poor child. He promised to keep an eye upon the coachman and the nurse, whom he mistrusted with carrying on scandalously in the absence of all restraint. I thanked the officer for his kindness, when he said, “No, you need not; I did my duty. It is you poor sewing-girls who are most abused by the rich scoundrels and impudent servants of this city, and I consider it a pleasure to do you kindness. Poor things! I know you do not have much comfort in this world!”

I was most grateful for his kind expressions, but my cheek burned to think his words were true—that poorly-clad, respectable-looking females were liable to insult from high and low, for they have no social standing of any kind. Virtuous, they are scorned by those who are not; they are insulted by the servants, or treated by them with a patronizing air; they are the prey of the man of money, whose gold is laid before their hungry eyes to tempt them to ruin. Miserable, indeed, is the life of the unprotected woman, whose very bread is doled out to her as a *favor*—whose



health, and happiness, and life are all sacrificed in a servitude more agonizing than that of the slave upon the rice-plantation. Happy slave! to escape the torture which thousands endure in this city to-night!

I love Hood, because he had a soul of compassion in him, as great as the world of suffering around him. He was poor and a sufferer himself—his poems, and humor, and tales were all coined to feed his dear ones. Often, when a child, did I read his "Bridge of Sighs;" and I little thought that, one day, I too should stare death wistfully in the face because of the cruelty of Christian charity:

"Alas, for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful,  
In a whole city full  
Home she had none!"

Could my voice reach every careless ear in this great city, I would wail out this "Sigh"—I would make it echo in the streets—I would send it into lordly mansions, and make the very walls whisper it ceaselessly—I would have the waters of the river repeat it like a solemn requiem:

"Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood with amazement,  
Houseless by night.  
"The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver,  
But not the dark arch  
Of the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world!"

I would have it pierce to the chambers of the soul of every man and woman of fashion and dissipation, and it should raise up specters in their hours of revelry, in their days of indolence and ease. And I would have it breathed like an æolian tone, day and night, in the halls of legislation, until law-givers knew it was a voice from the grave, crying out against the lot of woman, and the injuries against which the law offered her no protec-

tion. My soul claims to be heard—it would send the "Bridge of Sighs" out upon the world to bridge over the great, gaping gulfs which gold has dug between the heart and humanity; but alas! I am a poor, worn, *helpless* woman, whose lips are as closed as those of the marble slave. Would that I had as little feeling as she who is chained in the mart to become the unprotected, uncomplaining creature of man's loves and hates!

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"The Lord has pardon'd all my sin—  
That's the news! that's the news!  
I feel the witness new within—  
That's the news! that's the news!  
And since He took my sins away,  
And taught me how to sing and pray,  
I'm happy now from day to day,  
That's the news!"

MARTHA left all plans to be perfected by Ralph. He wished to accompany her to New Orleans, obtain the consent and approval of her parents, and be married in their presence; remain with them until they sailed for Madeira—or, what was better, if it could be effected; persuade them to return to their own home—and then come back to their native city. He had no desire to leave America, at least for any length of time; yet felt it would be selfish to take an only child from her parents. He wrote a letter to Aunt Randolph, to obtain her advice, not wishing to take any step which a sensible woman did not approve; and while waiting for an answer, busied himself with such arrangements as would give him leave of absence. He much regretted the necessity for disposing of the house, and finally concluded to let other of his property go, and retain the home as a future residence for himself, even though he should not succeed in bringing Mr. Livingstone back.

In his new happiness he did not forget little Constance. Not having time to call and see her, he inclosed a check for fifty dollars to her grand-



mother, for her use, stating his expected absence for several weeks.

It was the day after their unexpected betrayal of their love for each other, that Martha sat in her chamber dreaming of Ralph and happiness, as young girls dream, when a message was brought to her that a gentleman desired to see her in the parlor. The servant disappeared so abruptly, that she had not time to inquire his name; but concluded to go down and ascertain for herself. Upon entering the room, she was startled to perceive Jacob Reynard. It was the first she had seen or heard of him since she passed him at the door of the bank, and she was under the impression that he had returned to Chicago. Mr. Irving was not in the house, and her first impulse was to ring the bell and have Stephen put him out, but he spoke in such a manner as to put an end to her intention. Advancing rapidly toward her, from the table at which he had been standing, he began:

"I will hinder you only a minute, Miss Livingstone. I've been to the house several times in the last two weeks, but found you away, and have only just heard of your return. I've come to humbly beg your forgiveness for the injuries I have inflicted on you, and to express my regret that I should ever have acted as I did." (Martha did not answer him immediately—she was wondering if this was some new phase of treachery to get her into fresh trouble.) "I'm going to start West in a day or two, and it's not likely that you'll ever see me again; but I can't rest my mind 'till I've apologized to you, and received your word of forgiveness."

His voice was low, and much changed from its old gritty intonations; his face worked with his feelings; he looked sincere, as far as such a face could express sincerity.

"I have already forgiven you in my heart, for Christ's sake, notwithstanding the consequences of your persecution still pursue us. I could not say, at night, before I gave myself to

the protecting care of the Father, 'forgive me my trespasses, as I forgive those who trespass against me,' unless I included you in the number. Perhaps I ought to thank you, since you have taught me that hardest of all lessons. Mr. Reynard, if no ill comes to you, except what I wish you, you will be safe enough from harm; so go your way in peace." Her lovely countenance was illuminated with a soft light—the pure glow of charity and good will to men.

As her sweet voice ceased, Reynard burst into tears. "I must tell you, Miss Livingstone," he sobbed, "for I know you'll be glad to hear that I've experienced a change of heart. Yes! bless the Lord, I have got religion! I've been a desperate sinner, but I'm saved!"

"Why, Mr. Reynard, I am really glad to hear such good tidings," exclaimed Martha, extending him the hand of Christian fellowship.

He shook hands with her, and she invited him to take a seat, and tell her how it occurred.

"Good tidings, indeed, you may say, Miss Martha—and such good tidings are coming in all over the land, plentiful as pigeons in April. It is the harvest of the Lord—he is mowing down the hard and stubborn hearts, and sweeping them into His garner. The Lord be praised, that I am among the fallen—the fallen to rise again! Oh, the Lord had a tough time with me, but he conquered. I 'died hard,' as the saying is. There never was such a time, Miss Martha, never! The very earth is caving in from the feet of sinners, and leaving them nothing but God to hang by. Leastwise, that was the way *I* felt, and I tell you, I hung on."

"How long has it been since your attention has been drawn to religious matters?"

"I've been a member of the church two weeks last Sunday—two weeks ago, on Sabbath day, I was baptized. Glory be to God! But I was moved in my mind sometime before; indeed,



the very day after I saw you last, I went into a prayer-meeting, feeling like the devil; I will own up to it now that Satan possessed me. I was mad enough to eat myself, to think you had got away from me, and put them directors up to forgiving your father. I felt like fury, and went into the prayer-meeting out of spite, just to make myself feel still wickeder. I meant to jest and make fun, secretly, of the groaning converts. Would you believe it, Miss Martha, although I'd often been in those places before, and never with any particular effect upon me, I hadn't set five minutes before I began to feel uneasy? A preacher was exhorting, and some words he spoke dropped just in the right spot—they were live coals, and burnt their way through the toughest shell of sin you ever heard tell of! Jehosephat! (there comes that habit back again!) but didn't my conscience wriggle and twist when those fiery coals got through and scorched it! But it was of no use to try to shake them off—they only burnt the deeper, and I groaned in anguish of mind. Every word of every prayer made me more distracted still. You see, the Holy Spirit had got hold of me, and was wrestling with me. Unable to stand it any longer, I rushed out of the church, but I had no peace. I went to my boarding house and shut myself up in my room; but I was terribly frightened—all that night the sweat stood on my forehead, for my past sins were hounding me like a pack of hyenas. They came and stood around my bed and threatened me with the everlasting vengeance of a just and righteous God, unless I repented of my wickedness and cut their acquaintance forevermore.

"The next day I wandered around the streets, in a sullen mood, until the prayer-meetings were open again. I didn't want to go—I tried to walk the other way, but the spirit was in my feet, and they took me straight to the same place where I was the day before. I rebelled inwardly, I swore

at myself, but there were two men in me, the old man Adam, and the new that was struggling to get a place. Lord! what a quarrel they had of it! I do assure you, Miss Martha, that for a week I was the most miserable creature in the city of New York. I jeered and laughed at myself, but it was no go. The more I tried to be brazen-faced and scare repentance away, the more it took hold of me. I was like the young woman in Scripture who had seven devils in her, and Jesus was bound to cast them out. He was bound to cast them out of me, despite of my resistance, and what the Lord wills that He performs."

(To be concluded.)

### A PRAYER.

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."—PSALMS lxxv. 2

FATHER divine! to thee

In this, the holy, solemn, autumn-time,  
My soul, anew, would consecrated be;  
My aims, my hopes, my wishes, all be Thine.

Yet every storm be stay'd;  
Each throb of selfish care forgotten be;  
My heart, no more of earthly ills afraid,  
Resigns its all to thee!

Calm dawn of peace,  
Oh, bless my soul once more, a welcome guest;  
Bid each rude chord of worldly passion cease.  
And sorrow bring no more its dark unrest.

Thou! before whom  
The purest angel veils his radiant face;  
To Thee, the High, the Holy one, I come,  
Pleading for strength, for mercy, and for grace.

Thou! who dost see  
The agony a human heart can bear;  
In lowliness I yield to Thy decree,  
In loneliness beseech Thy hand to spare.

Weary of life, the wounded spirit faints,  
Yet bows in confidence beneath Thy rod;  
The hour will come, when, freed from earth's restraints,  
My soul shall know thee nearer, O my God!

A little way  
Still reaches onward in this human strife:  
Press on, my soul, for an eternal day  
Shall consummate the close of mortal life.

Faint not, nor weary be;  
All sorrow ceases when the goal is won;  
I would, with joy, be what Thou makest me;  
Father, in earth, as heaven, Thy will be done.



## DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

WE do not think alike. Contrariety of sentiment is observable in the writings of men, as well as in the common conversation of people. If all men were of one mind, there would be no controversy, no disturbance, no war. Every person, perhaps, is in hot water when sentiment clashes with sentiment. Medical and theological men are continually engaged in a war of words, some, perchance, with a view to obtain notoriety. I beg leave to tell something about my insignificant self, to illustrate the truth of my remarks.

Several years ago, I paid a visit to the editor of a temperance paper in Pennsylvania. The editor was pleased to publish a half-column article on my personal appearance and literary pretensions, and pronounced me a "very good-looking fellow." The editor's opinion made no little stir among my esteemed friends, who took exception to it. "Joe is tolerably good-looking," said one of them. Another friend, whose talk, by the way, always overswelled its boundaries and swept every thing before it right and left, said, "His nose is too thick, and too red, and therefore we can not call him good-looking in all conscience." A third remarked, "Joe's complexion is dark; one would take him for a slave." A fourth said, "He is quite a plain fellow. His head, you see, is too large, his brows too threatening, his mouth rather large, like Clay's; in all respects, indeed, there is nothing very observable about his personal appearance." The editor of a New Jersey paper, also, did me the honor to publish an account of my visit to him, and wound up by saying, "Joe is, on the whole, a likely young man." A young lady, rather homely than good-looking, saw the account, and told me that of all the Joes with whom she was acquainted, I was, in every feature, the most diametrically opposite to a man of good looks. I,

even poor little I, suspected that the lady envied my personal appearance, and asked another lady who, as all the world knows, loved me, how I looked. She replied, "Why, I think you plain—just as plain as myself."

At a tea-party I ventured to express the opinion that Miss R. . . . was almost too good for earth. A gentleman acknowledged the justice of my opinion, but said that it was her misfortune to be short-sighted. A lady said, with a sneering smile, "The miss is deficient in intellect." Another gentleman remarked that she could not talk as well as her more intelligent sisters. Here I was laid under the necessity of interposing, and of assuring him that he and the lady did great injustice to Miss R. . . ., and that, despite her moderate talents, she had the mildest and sweetest temper I had ever seen. "Away with your conceit, you ignoramus, you!" roared the gentleman. "Your taste is queer—it requires a little rubbing to make it more delicate. A short-sighted and weak-minded girl you call good! Intelligence, you know, gives a charm to conversation."

A gentleman of intelligence, but naturally quick-tempered, had the weakness to inform his friend of his attachment to a young lady. "What! I am sorry for it," said the friend. "She is not worthy of you, sir, because she is a novice in almost every thing. Her knowledge extends no further than the simplest rudiments of the English grammar, and, besides, she is not handsome."

"But, sir, her temper is the mildest I have ever seen," said the gentleman. "I love her for no reason, but because she is proof against the absurdities of fashion and folly, because she shuns evil company, despises the flattering words of the foolish, and persists in that line of conduct which she knows is acceptable to the eye of God."

The friend urged, "A girl whose information is so limited as that of the one you profess to admire, can



not be expected to make a man of your talents happy in married life. When you choose a partner, you should take great care that she is neither much above or below the rank of life in which you are permanently fixed. An excess either way is opposed to a rational chance of happiness, and will, in nearly all cases, prove a source of sorrow to both parties."

The gentleman replied, "The angel whom you condemn in unmeasured language, does know how to encourage a studious man in pursuits congenial to his taste. She is too modest to interfere with him in any thing. I tell you I prefer an amiable, illiterate girl to one whose head is lumbered with great quantities of French words."

A young man fell sick. His friends surrounded his bed. Mr. A. . . . asked him what doctor he wished to send for. "Dr. Cooke," suggested Mr. B. . . . "Yes, he is an excellent physician—a dealer in vegetable medicines exclusively," put in Mr. C. . . . "No, he is a poor practitioner," exclaimed Mr. D. . . . "Dr. Jones is one of the most skillful physicians in the city." "But he belongs to the old school," said Messrs. B. . . . and C. . . . "He, Dr. Jones, deals in mercury, that most poisonous of quack medicines." Mr. D. . . . answered, "He never gives mercury but in the smallest quantity; he knows, and is very careful to give just the quantity of calomel that is sure to eradicate the disease." Messrs. B. . . . and C. . . . would not yield the point. The patient declared his opposition to either of the physicians, and he wished to be treated by a homeopathist.

A young author, who was ambitious of fame, showed his manuscript to his friends, and asked their opinion of its merits. One said, "I think it well-written." Another, "It is badly written." A third, "I am infinitely pleased with its style." A fourth, "It does you great credit; I would be glad to see it in print." A fifth,

"It is below mediocrity. I would not try to throw so poor a composition before a discerning and critical public." A sixth shrugged his shoulders, without expressing any opinion as to the merits of the manuscript. The author, after having heard the different opinions of his friends with regard to his performance, said to himself, "My friends are all wrong. I think this composition of mine worthy of the best efforts of Addison. I shall send it to *Harper*, and I am sure I shall have the gratification of finding it in *Harper's Magazine* when the month comes around."

I was lately in company with several intelligent gentlemen at the house of a friend of mine, whither we had repaired for the purpose of discussing corporal punishment pro and con. A man began by quoting Solomon as saying that bodily punishment was necessary as a means of correcting the evil propensities of children. In support of his position, he gave an account of his school-boy days, which I will transcribe in as few words as possible.

"My temper was so violent," said he, "that I was dreaded, or rather perhaps I should say, hated by the whole school. Scarcely a day passed but I thumped the faces of the boys with my fist, and by stamping on the floor shocked the nerves of the girls. My teacher, who loved me because I was an apt scholar, was at first unwilling to flog me; but, at last finding it necessary to check my destructive propensities, he took me into a secret place and whipped me for a considerable length of time. I would have fought him, but when I saw his determined looks, fear possessed my soul, and I promised to behave myself in future. I do not recollect of being again whipped from that time afterward. My friends, I am the happiest of husbands, and, besides, a justice of the peace."

Another man, dressed in blue, then spoke, "My mother flogged me as many as five times a day; but the



more I was whipped, the more determined was my resistance. Worn out, at length, with flogging, she sent me to a boarding-school in a distant place, where I lived among strangers, and feared them as well as my teacher. I took the pains to please them; and my teacher never had occasion to punish me. He used to say, in my hearing, that he considered me one of the best boys in the school. I am now a teacher in the same school where I received my education."

Another man in green rose, and expressed himself in the following words: "I have never been punished in any way. I hated nothing so much as punishment bodily or otherwise; my parents and teacher knew it, and took care not to touch me with a whip. I am a minister of the Gospel. It is a wide stretch above prudence to apply the lash in the case of nervous temperament. An undue use of the rod serves no other effect than to pervert the temper and embitter the better feelings of the heart."

A grave looking personage in black then said, "Strange as it may seem, I delighted to hear the sounds of the whip as I received its blows. I might have continued in a career of dissipation to this hour, but for the kindness of my teacher. One day I wished to borrow some money to buy some marbles, and ventured to ask my teacher for some money, telling him why and wherefore. My teacher immediately put some in my hand, saying that I was welcome to the money. His kind voice and cheerful looks made a deep impression upon my mind, and I resolved never to trouble him more. I am a physician, and have extensive practice."

Every thing, it would seem, goes by the rule of contraries. God, in His infinite wisdom, has decreed it so.

BRAVE actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

RICHES and virtue do not often keep one another company.

## NO LONGER YOUNG.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

No longer young! how sad it seems,  
To mark our morning's waning beams,  
To *feel* our dreams are only dreams.

To hear in mirth of girls and boys  
The refrain of our early joys,  
To seem too old for simple toys;

To catch a shadow in the glass—  
A flitting shadow as we pass—  
A face no longer young, alas!

Love's prophecy young years enfold,  
Time steals its glow with fingers cold—  
There's something sad in growing old.

It never comes again, in sooth,  
With manhood's wisdom, age's truth,  
The pleasant fever of our youth.

We find, while memory's sea we sound,  
'Mid rarest treasure wreck'd around,  
How much we've miss'd, how little found,

Once from Life's miser hand we bought  
Joy, wilder than our wildest thought,  
But ah, she kept the joy we sought.

For no new gift we still may bow;  
She binds upon our faded brow,  
No opaline crown of promise now.

We bear no more the exultant palm,  
Triumphant, toward our zenith's calm,  
But groping graveward, sing a psalm.

The self-asserting soul will crave.  
The song-like joy, it sought to save—  
'Twill shrink back from the drear, dark grave.

Age hath its pleasure, age its pain,  
The ripeness of Time's soberer reign;  
The sated eye, the burden'd brain;

The palsied pulse, the measured mien,  
The yearning for what once hath been,  
The waiting for the dread unseen!

How happy if with whitening hair,  
And face all limn'd with lines of care,  
The soul looks upward young and fair.

## LONG AGO.

On that deep retiring shore,  
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,  
Where the passion-waves of yore  
Fiercely beat and mounted high;  
Sorrows that are sorrows still,  
Lose the bitter taste of woe;  
Nothing's altogether ill  
In the griefs of Long Ago.



## THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

THE Knights Templars originated seven hundred and thirty-nine years ago, and were, we believe, the first, as they were for a long time the greatest, of the *Military* and Religious Orders. The Knights Hospitalers, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, — afterward Knights of Rhodes, and Knights of Malta, — were older than the Templars; but they were not originally a militant fraternity. As their first title, *Hospitalers*, implies, they were a charitable, succoring, evil-removing body of men. But that was a time, and they were in a country, when and where men's hands had to protect their heads, and the heads of others; and hence, in a few years after the Temple Order was formed, the Hospitalers had to follow its example, and became *Knights* of St. John of Jerusalem. As the Hospitalers were for relieving misery, the Templars were for preventing it. Their object was to protect pilgrims to the Holy Land, after their arrival on that venerable soil, and while they were visiting the sacred places. Their number was at first only nine. Baldwin II. gave them rooms in his palace, which was hard by the church and convent of the Temple. Their place of arms, where their weapons, and so forth, were kept, was a street that led from the Temple convent, and was given them by the convent brethren. Hence their names, Temple Soldiers, and Templars. One of their vows was poverty, and so well did they keep it, that the first Grand Master, De Payens, and one of his brethren, had but one horse. In after days, the seal of the order represented two Knights riding on one horse, the object being to inculcate humility. They wore a plain white cloak, to which, in 1146, was added a red cross, typical of their being constantly exposed to martyrdom. They then assumed their banner, called *Beauseant*, that is, striped white and black, and which was meant to indicate that they

were fair and merciful to the good, but terrible to the wicked, their enemies,—just as the white in our national flag signifies our purity, the blue our reliance on Heaven, and the red that we shall strike down our foes; and the red stripes are in the majority. *Beauseant* became the war-cry of the Templars. The red cross was embroidered on this flag, which also bore the inscription: *Non nobis, etc.* The Order did not long remain poor. It was joined by many brave men, received rich gifts, and was favored by popes and kings. Not a few of those who joined it endowed it with their worldly goods, so that the Order soon had possessions in many parts of the world. Only fourteen years after its foundation, Alphonso, king of Aragon and Navarre, left his kingdoms to it and to the Hospitalers, but the nobles of those countries paid no attention to his bequest. The Templars became everywhere renowned for their zeal, their bravery, their discipline, and their skill in all the arts of war. Of all the Crusaders, they were the foremost, and but for them and the Knights of St. John, the Christian hold on the East would early have come to an end. When Brian de Bois-Guilbert claimed for these two Orders the first place in Palestine, he was only just, and the snob *Ivanhoe* was wrong in denying that he was right. It was impossible that it should have been otherwise. Their order and discipline, so different from what were to be seen in the common crusading hosts, would alone have sufficed to make them the first of the Chivalry of the Cross. The consideration in which they were held, was evidenced by the fact that the chiefs of the Orders ranked next to prelates, and the Master of the Temple was treated as a sovereign. But with wealth and power came pride and luxury; and though the charges that were made against them in later times were as unjust as they were selfishly prompted, it can hardly be doubted that the Templars fast fell away from the primitive sim-



plicity of the Order. When the childless Cœur de Lion was on his death-bed, the priest bade him repent, and rid himself of his three daughters, pride, avarice, and voluptuousness. "You are right," he answered; "and I give my pride to the Templars, my avarice to the Benedictines, and my voluptuousness to the prelates." Even in his estimation the Templars were the best of the three. Great and special privileges were granted them by the Pope in 1162, which had the effect of setting the clergy against them. By the time the Order had reached to its height, its possessions were so vast that its annual income was equal to almost thirty millions of dollars, and money was at least twelve times as valuable then as it is now. No wonder that they were hated and envied by kings, priests, and people, not only because of their wealth, but because they were too powerful not to excite alarm. Were they to go on, they would have wealth and power enough to control the whole world. Therefore, a little less than two centuries after their foundation, they were proceeded against in various parts of Europe on the charges of heresy, blasphemy, debauchery, sacrilege, and so forth, and the Order was suppressed. It is now admitted, by nearly all who are competent to have an enlightened opinion on the subject, that every one of these charges was false, and that the Templars were guilty of nothing but power, and wealth, and fame; and as they were human, it is quite likely they had abused their position. They were guilty of owning what other powerful people desired to own, as the proscribed Roman was guilty of his Alban villa.

Jacques de Molay, a man of great courage, and possessed of the heroic virtues, was the last Grand Master of the Templars while they had a recognized existence. He was murdered by the cruel Philippe le Bel, in 1314, the year after the Temple Order was suppressed. Just before his death, we are told, he appointed a successor,

and the line of succession has been steadily kept up. The Freemasons claim descent from the valiant men who fought for the Temple and the Holy Sepulcher. De Molay's name is a favorite one with the Freemasons, and well may be so. If the Temple Order had not been suppressed, it is probable it would soon have been usefully employed in defending Europe against a worse Mohammedan foe than the Saracens. Only thirteen years after the destruction of the Order, the Ottoman Turks captured Broussa, which event was the commencement of their empire. Had the Templars been in existence, their energies would have been directed against the Turks, and they would have ceased to be dangerous to Christendom. When we see how much was effected by the knights of St. John against the Turks, at Rhodes and at Malta, and elsewhere, we shall be justified in believing that the continuance of the Templars must have had a great effect on events, and that their exertions might possibly have prevented the establishment of Turkish power in Europe, a result that would have changed the whole order of history for the last four centuries, and for all coming time.

L. L. B.

## HINTS TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

### II.

**D**O not begin to bring the babe to table, and allow it to taste of tea, coffee, and various kinds of food, thereby exciting a desire for that which its stomach can not yet digest, and implanting craving for stimulants which it would be much better to dispense with until of an age to choose for itself. If it has plenty of its natural nourishment, it will need nothing else until about a year old; if not, preparations of farina, arrow-root, milk and water, etc., will satisfy it. This food should be very carefully prepared, and made fresh every time it is used; if one kind recommended,



does not seem to agree with the child, or be relished by it, try another. After the babe is weaned, it should still be allowed nothing but the simplest kind of food for the next year or two. It may pass from milk, farina, etc., to oatmeal, gruel, boiled rice, milk-toast, and such preparations; an occasional plain ginger-cracker or sweet cookie will not be harmful for luncheon. It is better to allow a variety; that is, to have the breakfast different from the dinner, and the supper from either of the other meals. Oatmeal is an excellent article of children's food; so is wheaten-grits, mush made of Indian-meal, and plain bread and milk. Mothers who have allowed their children to eat every thing, and to have whatever they cried for, will be surprised to know how contented children are with these simple things who have been allowed no other; and how much less trouble their whims and appetites give those who wait upon them. Nevertheless, we do not believe children should be forced to eat that which they have a distaste for; a child who will rebel against mush, may be very fond of bread and milk; and its inclinations should be consulted in such respects. Sometimes there is a requirement of the system for sugar, sometimes for salt, and for various other constituents of food, which the physician or the observation of the mother will detect. There is an unreasonable prejudice in many minds against sugar; it is extremely nourishing and useful in a proper degree; although it has to be withheld when children are troubled with worms. Gravies, melted butter, pie-crust, fried meat, sausage, and hot biscuits are infinitely worse than light, plain cake or sugar in any form. A little candy, even, may not be hurtful, if given at proper times, in proper quantities, and when made of pure materials, free from poisonous coloring matter. Fruit, vegetables, and farinaceous food, if cooked very simply, are the proper sustenance for children, after their second summer;

with an allowance, once a day, of roasted or broiled meat, or meat broth. *Eau sucre*, as the French call it—cold water sweetened—is a pleasant dinner-drink for them.

The *bath* is one of those excellent things which may be very much abused. Children should have, when in health, a daily bath of tepid water; if too cold or too warm, it is equally injurious. It should be given before a meal or before taking exercise—never when the stomach is full. If allowed to remain in it too long, they may be weakened or chilled from it; they should be rubbed briskly all over the surface of the body, the hair well-dried, and be dressed quickly after it. They should not be sent out to walk, in cold weather, immediately after the bath, as the pores will be too sensitive. To a delicate and failing child a daily bath is frequently too prostrating, especially unless rendered tonic by the addition of spirits or rock-salt. To such a child, rubbing with the hand to get up a friction of the skin, and sponging off lightly with saline waters, is strengthening.

The *dress* of little people should never be such as to leave their bodies girded with red lines about the legs, the waist, and the top of the arms, as these are sure indications that garters, sleeves, and waists are too tight for pleasant, free exercise, and for healthy expansion of the growing muscles. As for seeing them shivering with bare bosoms, exposed arm-pits, and purple legs, in a season of the year when their mothers are shrugging their shoulders in merinoes and furs, *that* is a barbarity which would only be tolerated by a *fashionable* mother; and she, of course, would make her darlings walk over burning coals, if the High Priestesses issued the edict.

To deal with the *minds* and *tempers* of children is a more serious matter than to deal with their physical powers, though both require wisdom, and are intimately connected. The best adviser a mother can have in these



matters is her own heart, if she questions it faithfully. A prayerful, willing, and earnest spirit will be able to solve most of the difficulties which arise. Patience, firmness, and love—three magic possessions, before which the most stubborn evils must give way—but oh, how difficult to acquire! The trials of the young mother are so many, the demands upon health, strength, and time so incessant, the self-denials so hourly, that no one who has felt, from experience, what they are, can coldly and wisely suggest practice, firmness, and love, as things, of course, to be suggested only to be adopted. A crown of fadeless bloom awaits her who toils for these until she attains them. Patience many have—a sluggish and inert patience which lets every thing go, folding its hands resignedly; firmness some have, without gentleness—a firmness that chills the sensitive child while it curbs it,—a harshness which exacts obedience to the letter, if not to the spirit; love very many have without firmness—a foolish tenderness which dreads to deny, to correct, to insist. A mother's love, when it amounts only to a mother's indulgence, is a dangerous boon, productive of evil rather than good. But a mother's love, cheerful and sympathetic, firm while it is tender, playful while it is wise, prayerful while it is fond, sharp-eyed to see faults, and pitying while correcting them—a mother's love like this is the safety, the blessing, the earthly Eden, the every good gift of the fortunate child.

One rule we may venture to lay down in the government of children. Never administer chastisement while yourself in a passion; especially for a thing which your conscience confesses would have gone unpunished had you not been in a passion. Children are quick observers. Their sense of justice should not be outraged; nor should they be compelled to draw comparisons unfavorable to your consistency.

There is a habit of restriction which

is very irritating to children. Either indolence or excess of other duties, makes it so easy to cry out, "Don't!" "You must not!" "Do not touch that!" "No, my dear, you can not go!" "You must not have it!" at the same time affording to the restless little head and hands no suitable amusement. It is not in the nature of children to sit upon chairs all day and look benignly out of the window. It requires both patience and ingenuity to keep them innocently and sufficiently employed.

DR. E. L. ST. JOHN.

#### ARISTOCRACY AMONG SERVANTS.

IT is a curious development of human character which one sees in the servant-life of New York.

A certain law of motion, makes the reaction of a body depend upon the force with which it is propelled; and the same law would seem to apply to mind as well as matter.

The great body of all servants in America is from Germany and Ireland. In Germany, the peasant classes are, to all intents and purposes, as much slaves as the blacks in the South; with far less comfortable homes, and more continued labor. From being harnessed with cattle to drag the plow, to scouring and scrubbing everlastingly in the unfurnished and uncomfortable houses of the towns-people, with no hope of ever being any thing different or better, they come to the United States to be employed in the convenient, warm, pleasant, and well-furnished houses of American housekeepers; and no sooner do they learn the ways of Americans, and become acquainted with their labor-saving contrivances, than they suddenly become quite inadequate to the task of performing even ordinary duties in an ordinary way. But if the Germans are bad in this respect, the Irish are worse. One year out of miserable, boggy, poverty-stricken Ireland, where perhaps they have



eaten out of the same dish with pigs—certainly with the whole family, and the airs they take on are perfectly regal. No sooner do they discover that some families live in a style somewhat similar to the aristocracy of Great Britain, than they set up for critics and refuse to live in any other style than this. If a lady wishes to hire a cook, she has to undergo a catechism sufficiently formidable to frighten any but one used to this domestic inquisition.

The other day, a friend of ours, living in one of the pleasantest localities about the city, in a five-story frame-house, very handsomely furnished, and with almost every modern improvement in its arrangements, desiring to find a cook, her husband went in person to answer an advertisement of such a person wanting a situation. Finding the place designated, he saw the girl (an Irish girl, of course), and got her promise to go and see his wife in the course of the day. On going home to dinner in the evening, there was no cook, and no one had been there as he expected. Accordingly next morning he went again to the same place to see what was the reason of the failure. The girl was not there, but the mistress of the house informed him that Bridget had walked around to his place, and finding it was a wooden house, would not go in. *She could not go to service in a wooden house!* With no very amiable reflections on the force of the rebound Irish refinement had taken in this instance, he hurried off to answer another advertisement, and found another daughter of Erin in want of a situation. This time, determined to see the end of the matter himself, he gallanted the young lady to his house and introduced her to his wife. The result of all this trouble was to have this young professor of the range ask to see the house from top to bottom, inquire how many meals a day they had, how many in the family, and desire to be shown the arrangements of the kitchen in particular. Having found no fault in the arrangements

anywhere else, the discovery that there were no standing wash-tubs in that department decided her, and she declined engaging, as she could not work where the tubs were movable.

Perhaps our readers wish to know what they did in that case; knowing that they might meet with a dozen such incidents before finding any one to engage, even with the uncertainty of being pleased in the event of engaging at all. Well, this disconsolate couple of housekeepers happened to have one faithful girl who had been in the family some time as a nurse; and in their distress she consented to go into the kitchen, while they succeeded in getting another nurse for the children. Such cases occur every day. The duties of a cook in one of these convenient city houses are very light indeed, compared with the labor they would have to perform to earn a living in an independent condition, or where they furnished their own capital. Here every thing is at their hands, and their comfort administered to in every particular. They are not required to go out of the house for any thing—they neither have to carry water or fuel, or take care of lamps, or do any other of the hundred laborious or disagreeable things which many a mistress of a family has to do in the country, nor to go up and down stairs about their work—the other servants doing duty up stairs—and yet they will criticise and dictate terms to their employers.

The question is a grave one, what is to be done with these impertinent intruders into American families?—for such they really are. Taking advantage of the necessities of housekeepers and mothers who *must* have help—who can not, in a city house, which is all up stairs, one suit of rooms over another, perform the same duties which in a country house many a mother and housekeeper does perform without complaint, they engage themselves to do these very important though not severe duties, and secure the wages while the labor is



done or not, as suits their convenience; often abusing the confidence of their employers in the most heartless manner.

This aristocratic class are now demanding not only Sunday, but Thursday afternoon and evening for their own occasions; and no matter what the necessity, regularly go out, without reference to the convenience of their employers; and the annoyed housekeeper, or sick and nervous mother of a young infant, must be left with this additional care upon her mind, or labor upon her hands, because there is no appeal from the decisions made in the kitchen. The care of a city housekeeper is becoming a perfect nightmare to married people, and is why so many young people live at boarding-houses until the number of their children makes it imperative to take up the burden of managing servants and a house of their own.

Of course, every one can see that no good results to the servants themselves from such a state of things. They entirely divert any sympathy of those they serve away from themselves by their faithlessness and impertinence, and prevent the disposition to improve their intelligence which is often felt. It is an indisputable fact that they have the upper hand in the matter; and how long they shall maintain it is problematical. That some regulations of service, different from what they choose to make, will in time become necessary appears inevitable. It has always been the boast of our country that such contracts were regulated by the honor and independence of the parties; but it is coming to be doubted whether, where the foreign element is so great, something of foreign rules of service will not have to be enforced. The lesson might be beneficial to that class who from abject servitude have too suddenly risen to an independence which they can neither appreciate, nor really deserve, because they are unfitted for it. That genius who invents a way

to smooth over the rough places in the present domestic system of New York, and brings it into actual operation, will merit the grateful remembrance of all Gothamists for all time to come.

### "GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES."

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

"The groves were God's first temples; ah! why should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient sanctuaries?"

No solemn organ-tones e'er break  
The hush that's in the air;  
No chiming of cathedral bell  
The winds of summer bear;  
No gorgeous arches echo back  
The hymnings of our praise;  
No marble pillars make the strength  
Of temples here upraised.

Only the whisper of the wind  
Among the maple boughs;  
Only the joy-hymns of the birds  
In music's rippling flows;  
Only a pure and holy calm,  
A hush'd and pleasant air,  
Give to these solemn woodland aisles  
Their beauty rich and rare.

Yet *more* than beauty keeps within  
The coolness of their shade,  
More than an outward blessing rests  
Where holy seals are laid;  
A balm of strength that heals all wounds  
Of pain or chastening rod,  
Hallows the quiet reigning in  
These temples of our God.

O souls, that brave the faithless tide  
Of life's swift-changing sea,  
Hearts that are reaching after light  
In hopings yet to be;  
Under the arching of the sky  
That roofs these temples fair,  
God is the priest, and holdeth power  
To answer every prayer.

THERE'S nothing lost. The seed that's cast  
By careless hands upon the ground,  
Will yet take root and may at last  
A green and glorious tree be found;  
Beneath its shade, some pilgrim may  
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,  
While in its boughs the breezes play,  
And song-birds sing their sweetest tune.  
There's nothing lost. The slightest tone  
Or whisper from a loved one's voice.  
May melt a heart of hardest stone,  
And make a sadden'd heart rejoice.



A STRING OF GOOD THINGS;  
OR, FRUITS FROM THE FRESHEST FIELDS.

AMONG the most interesting papers of the reviews and magazines, now-a-days, are those relating to modern discovery and to progress in the natural sciences. These papers are prepared by men of the highest eminence in their various departments, who, finding it impossible to multiply books, seek to reach the public through the more convenient and ready pages of the *Quarterly*. In astronomy, in geology, in philology, in botany, in chemistry, in physics, in meteorology, and in magnetic phenomena, the worlds of Europe and America are alive with explorers, experimenters, and subtle reasoners; and he who is ignorant of their progress, is like the stranger in the king's chamber—none the wiser for others' glory.

In the last *London Quarterly*, we have a superb paper on the present state of geology, and what it is proposed still to accomplish by the investigations of its devotees.

In the *North British* for August is a clear, luminous paper on Glaciers and glacial formations. It enters somewhat into the fields of speculation, yet gives the general reader all the facts and conclusions reached by investigators.

Either of these fine papers would furnish matter more than sufficient, even in a digest, for the space allotted to these memoranda. We will, however, from the first, reproduce a few of the *representative* passages.

This, first, in regard to the age of this *habitable* globe:—"Whatever may have been the primitive condition of the earth, we can show that a period of such vast extent as to be almost inconceivable by human faculties has elapsed since it first became a habitable globe, with the same general features as at present, having, that is, its surface parceled out into seas and oceans, islands and continents, the land being diversified by mountain, plain, and valley, with lakes in the hollows,

and rivers flowing between the slopes, the whole enveloped in the same atmosphere as now exists, with the same circulation of moisture and a similar system of winds and currents. The mere place and outline of the dry land has frequently changed. Most of our present dry lands have been deep sea, and then dry land, and then deep sea again, several times, and the same thing has probably happened to those parts of the earth's surface that are now covered by water. The solid crust of the earth seems to have been always subject to a gentle fluctuating movement of elevation and depression, affecting first one area and then another, while large parts remain stationary for long periods, until they in their turn are moved and the others left at rest. We may look upon the dry land of any period, therefore, as merely so much of the solid surface of the earth as happens to be taking its turn to stand above the level of the sea. According, however, to the latitude and the form of the dry land, the extent and direction of its coasts, the altitude and the bearing of its mountain-chains, and their relation to prevailing winds and currents, great modifications might be produced in the climate of different parts of the earth. These modifications being allowed for, we may still assert that the general condition of the globe, even at the very beginning of our geological history, was the same as at present."

This statement of the creation and extinction of whole species of plants and animals, will show one the startling but pleasing facts discovered by geologic research:—"The very variety, then, in the life of the globe, and the vast difference that exists in the distribution of species, proves a difference in the date of their creation, and involves the idea of great lapse of time and a great succession of events as necessary to the production of the existing state of things. All the recent discoveries go to prove that the present laws of distribution in the species of animals and plants are the



same that have reigned through every known geological period. In other words, there were always some species so widely diffused as to have been nearly, if not quite, cosmopolitan; and some so narrowly restricted as to have been found only over very narrow areas; always some species just come into existence and struggling for a footing in the world; some at the acme of their power and the full extent of their dominions, which every subsequent change tended to break up and diminish; some long past that point, and fading away in one, two, or more ever-lessening areas; some just on the eve of dying out in their last citadel of retreat. Neither does there appear to be any good grounds for supposing that the rate of the extinction of old species, or that of the creation of new, was ever materially different at one period from its rate at any other. In the absence of all proof to the contrary, it seems most philosophical to suppose that species always died out just as slowly and imperceptibly as they do now. If we assume the present rate of physical change to be the mean rate, and if physical change be the great modifying cause in producing changes in species by that gradual destruction of the old, and that rendering necessary the creation of new, in order to keep up the completeness in the life of the globe which seems to be the will of the Creator, we have the two kinds of change so linked together that the rate of the one gives us the rate of the other, and the amount of the one gives us the measure of the other."

Some idea of the *amount* of hitherto creations and extinctions of life may be formed from this simple statement of what is to be found in a fossil state in Great Britain alone:—"In Britain alone more extinct species of mammalia have been found than there are species of mammalia now living in our islands. Ten times as many extinct reptiles, five times as many extinct fish, seven times as many extinct

echinodermata, nine times as many extinct shell-bearing molluscs, and six times as many extinct zoophytes, have been found in British rocks, as now exist in British waters or on British lands. Nor is this all. The eager search of naturalists must have nearly exhausted the discoveries to be made among the surviving species of those animals that inhabit our particular region of the earth; whereas new species are daily being exhumed from the rocks, and future research will greatly augment their number. Even did we know the fossil species to be found in Britain as completely as we know its living fauna, we can not suppose that those fossil species are all that ever lived in our area. Hundreds may have perished and left no remains."

Now what facts are these for us to contemplate! How the veil lifts, and how the ages roll backward until time is lost in the very immensity of the past! It makes us, as creatures of a moment, realize how incomparably brief is our existence here—how immeasurably small is our influence upon creation:—it shows us how much greater God is than man, by a conceivable demonstration. Yet, eras, and periods, and ages will cycle on, and God will still be—universe and system will roll into the great order of things, to add to the harmonies of the heavens, at His bidding—a million new species, and orders, and races of living things will have being and grow into little greatness and perish, ever to become but the shadow of a memory—still God the same, and will be forever.

The study of geology at one time was deemed as inciting a spirit of unbelief in revelation. That was when the science was not well digested and thoroughly systematized. Now our best geologists see revelation and divinity, life and death, progress and reproduction in a thousand ways which add reason to a belief, that, in earlier days, could only call faith to its support. In geological revelations the minister of God is armed with a new



weapon, which it is greatly to be regretted if he is not able to wield, from ignorance or want of proper appreciation of its power. We feel that the day is not far distant when our ministers of the Gospel will be obliged to be thoroughly educated scientific men. If they are otherwise, the people will be wiser than they, and their influence is then gone forever. They must be forewarned and forearmed; and, equipped in the armor of faith, with the weapons of God's *visible* revelations in their hands, what progress shall we not make in our moral and intellectual natures!

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Leigh Hunt is dead! Who has not become familiar with the name? For over a half century intimately connected with literature—the companion of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Shelley, Lamb, Keats, Rogers, Campbell, Godwin, Byron, Wordsworth—the genial humorist, the sweet poet, the charming essayist, Leigh Hunt became wedded to our fancy as one of the most lovable of men; and the news of his decease, though at the ripe age of seventy-five, comes some how or other, unexpectedly and unwelcome. Like Humboldt, this generation seemed to think his youth renewed and his lease of life certain, for years to come; but he is gone, and he is now but a memory to us. Space will not permit us to refer particularly to his labors, and to the varied incidents of his life. Besides his “early poems”—many of them possessing much merit—he has given a series of poems which have served to identify him as one of the most charming poets of his time. A fine edition of his poetic works was given to the American public in 1857. His prose, besides his numerous admirable stray papers and essays, consists of several volumes, viz: “Lord Byron and his Contemporaries” (now out of print, by the author's special wish); “Stories from the Italian Poets;” “Men, Women, and Books;” “The Town: its Remarkable Charac-

ters and Events;” “Imagination and Fancy;” “Wit and Humor;” “A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybes,” etc., etc. These last three are most exquisite poetic essays, standards in every “well-regulated” library. A cotemporary gives us this estimate of the man and his genius:

“In bidding farewell to Leigh Hunt, we take leave of a genial and kind-hearted old man, who had out-lived many youthful fantasies, without losing his vivacity of spirit, his cheerful sense of existence, or his passionate love of the Beautiful. His mind swarmed with pleasant and dainty fancies from youth to age. His eye was quick to catch the “gayest, happiest attitude of things.” To his latest years he loved flowers, and little children, and all the kindly household charities. His poetry sometimes palls upon the sense by its luscious sweetness, and often revels too freely in unlicensed luxuriance of description. As a prose writer, he is unrivaled in the limpid flow of his narrative, his exquisite humor, and the plastic skill with which he molds the forms of language to suit his aerial conceptions. If he has contributed nothing to the illustration of philosophic thought, or the embodiment of the higher instincts of imagination, his sweet and nimble fancies have left to the world a source of enjoyment, which must be counted among the perennial treasures of the age.

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A recent work on longevity states that in the long list of very aged persons there was not a solitary instance of a bachelor or an idler! “Almost all were hard workers, but their labor was of body rather than of mind. At the present day, and in this country, especially in our cities, it is notorious that mental anxiety and worriment make most men old at forty.” What a hint from Nature of the divine ordinance of matrimony!



## SHALL I GO TO A CITY ?

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

I AM a visitor at a farm-house.

It is a cool evening; a group of children play gladly on the green sward of a spacious yard beneath my window, and I look out on a field of corn whose first opening tassels may faintly be seen swaying in the mild rays of a new moon. A thick wood stretches around the corn-field, and a deep shadow rests on the green grain. I gaze upon it, and think where a deeper shadow lies—a shadow which will not pass away with the changing of the moon, or the rising of the sun. The light of a household has gone out, and that abode of sorrow is in gloom, which many years will not wear away.

Upon the wide porch of our country-house sits a number of elderly persons, and they speak of a sweet bright child, whose gleeful shouts, but a few hours ago, delighted them, but whose voice is now hushed in—death. A neighbor has just brought the sad tidings from the home where that shadow lies, deeper than any that ever fell from dark trees on smiling fields. To-morrow in a flower-garden, called the churchyard, will be laid all that remains earthly of the cherished child; and the green grass will grow upon its grave, and the flowers will exhale their odors around it, and the birds will sing above it, and all, becoming youth and innocence, will be calm and peaceful about its resting-place. Reflecting thus, one feels that when children must die it should be far away from the busy haunts of men, who lose all thoughts of the swift-coming hereafter, in the quick strife for much of this world's goods, which distinguishes the great city. The spirit which has not yet learned what worldly ambitions are, should look last on friends and kindred where the excitement of such ambitions has least force. But always that can not be. Stern necessities forbid.

On the evening of the fifth of July (1852), celebrated with noise of guns

and cannons, and glowing of fireworks, to commemorate that declaration which led to the roar of cannon on the battle-field for our independence, I was one of the busy and excited crowd which swept along Fifth-street, Cincinnati. When near Walnut-street, I met a man with a child in his arms, whose haggard look, and hasty, determined step arrested my attention. I watched him. Serpents blazed at his feet, crackers snapped and hissed around him, rockets and Roman candles whizzed over his head. Wild shouts and glad hurrahs fell upon his ear—but on he went, with the same haggard look and determined step. Close behind him followed a woman, who alone, among all the women I saw on the street, took no heed of fiery serpents at her feet, or blazing whirling rockets over her head. She saw only him who carried a child before her.

A strange curiosity led me, and I followed those people, who of all the inhabitants of the town seemed to have forgotten the day, and were lost to its confusion. They turned from the crowded streets, and on they went with wider and more rapid strides till they stopped at a mean-looking house in a narrow street. The door was open—when they entered, I stood in front of it. The man laid the child tenderly upon a low bed—the woman bent over it an instant, when she sank upon the floor, and I heard her cry, *It is dead*. I dared not enter, and I turned away, unwilling to be a spectator to those parents' sorrow. Afterwards I learned that father, mother, and child had been in the country to celebrate the day—their only child had been suddenly taken ill—they hastened home—it had died in its father's arms on the crowded street, among the people who made noisy demonstrations in honor of their country's birth-day.

To-night, while children play beneath my window, and the elderly persons converse of one taken out of their little circle, who this afternoon sank peacefully to its final sleep, I think of that child's death in the



thronged street, of that stormy hour commemorative of a more stormy hour, and from the shadow which lies on the corn moving in my view I look where the moonlight falls unbroken, endeavoring to divert my mind from sad recollections which throng upon it.

There is a knock at my door, and a young man in whose welfare I feel deep interest comes to inquire whether, in my opinion, he had better go to a great city to begin his career in the world.

We talk till it is very late, and I bid the young man good night, after he has given me his promise that he will stay at home two years longer, at least, and endeavor to find reward for his energies in the quiet pursuits of the farm, and answers to his ambition in the opportunities which open to intelligence and enterprise among rural people.

Why did I insist upon that promise?

The individuality which belongs to city society has a commercial value and an intellectual importance, but its manifestations are painful to the sensitive spirit which reaches after support or sympathy. From the city, not from the country, indeed, comes the saying, "This is a hard world." There is a community of interest and regard among country people, which can be found only about cities in isolated cases or in reference to a crowning, absorbing movement—the career of a great public benefactor, or the evil machinations of a grand rogue.

The tenderness and susceptibility of human nature is very much modified by circumstances—virtues, too, change with localities, or, at least, their practical requirements. When we contrast the rush and roar of city life—the eager grasping—the narrowing of sympathies, with the comfort in quiet—the large-heartedness, the generous spirit, and benevolent activity of country society, it is not a difficult question whether the increased intellectual and business advantages of crowded marts, are a remuneration for the better sentiment, delicate sensitiveness,

plainer principle, and firmer honesty, which the natural bond of brotherhood (mutual interest) secures in little communities. Men whose life-enjoyment is nervous activity, find appropriate spheres in cities, but if any man has his pleasure in an atmosphere which calms his rougher and elevates his tender emotions, let him cast his lot far away from the smoke and stir, the care and trial which blend themselves necessarily with a life that is all strife; as life in a great city must be for him who is not content to be a cipher.

It is quite common for young men, in villages and on farms, to long for an opportunity to visit the city. It is a natural desire and they should gratify it; for travel and contact with men, educate availably; but unless young men know that they have strength for heated combats against great odds, we advise them to be visitors to, not denizens of the city. If a young man has not strength above his fellows, he is not lost in small circles of society, as in large ones; and, indeed, if he possesses superior, he can soonest make himself felt where there is least competition, and where he is widest known comparatively.

There are increased opportunities of advancement in large communities, to be sure, but there are also multitudes of competitors, and the preponderance of competition over the opportunities is such, if we have observed correctly, that young men of ability are more likely to gain positions where a state or nation observes them, from the rural districts, than they are from the chief cities of any part of our country. When once a bold prominence is gained, it may not be lost in a transfer of individuality from country to city, but yet it must never be forgotten that many men who occupied a space in public eye, when they were county leaders, having aspired to be greater and removed to a city, have been absorbed—lost—forgotten.



## EDITOR'S RETREAT.

## WOMAN AND THE PRESS.

A STRONG-hearted and nobly-endowed woman writes us this positive and pointed defence of our sex from the indignities of a "free press." We offer our Retreat, cheerfully, to such surgeons:

"Everybody knows that there is such a thing as correcting children too often for their faults. Nearly everybody knows, also, that it is easier to give advice than to follow it; and another thing which most people know is, that a precept must be enforced by an example, in order to have much weight.

"With this preliminary, I proceed to state my conviction that women are tyrannized over, insulted, and degraded by that most potent of powers, the 'free press' of England and America. One hundred years ago, when those good and wise grandparents of ours were living, about whom we hear so much now-a-days, an insinuation against the virtue, modesty, or reputation of any respectable woman would have met with proper retribution at the hands of some friend of the aggrieved lady. Is it so now? Not in one case in every hundred—and why? Evidently because the public sensibilities are blunted by the constant insult hurled at woman daily, nay hourly, by newspapers. In vain may you hope to take up a printed sheet anywhere without meeting from one to a dozen paragraphs, varying from the style of a coarse joke to a sermon, all aimed against the dignity of woman.

"Is any one so foolish as to think that this never-ceasing scandal directed against the sex *en masse*, has nothing to do with our opinions about individuals? A gentleman will tell you he never converses of his lady acquaintances in public. Will it do, then, for a gentleman to *print* obscene jests and stories shocking to 'ears polite,' where the whole point of either is concentrated in the fact that our ideas of woman are degraded by it? If this gentlemanly discretion were used in the case of newspaper editors, there would be a vast deal of merit in it—since all personal allusions may be reached—but for general ones there is no remedy.

"Again, every scribbler who can hold pen or scissors, takes it upon himself to write advice to wives, and counsel to young ladies; the whole drift of which is that they shall love them (the deserving creatures!) and not spend their money; that they shall devote their lives to cooking them good dinners, and keeping their linen in repair, and not expect too much of them,—because business is so fatiguing! We are required by these 'gentlemen of the press' to be chaste, industrious, economical, affectionate, unwearying in patience, silent, and not too learned. Why? Because, in *that* way, we become agreeable to THEM. An unassuming and very modest reason to give; yet one which we doubt whether any gentleman would have the audacity to state privately to his lady-love. We have thought the truer reason to be, that the 'sterner sex' wish to monopolize the opposite qualities, and therefore wish of woman what they most do lack.

"Even in matters of dress the same forwardness and want of delicacy is notorious. No new fashion can escape running the gantlet—no article of dress but is alluded to in terms of derision. In short, as I have said, we are tyrannized over, insulted and degraded by the manner in which the 'gentlemen of the press' are unceasingly dragging us before the public. No woman of modesty can take up one newspaper in a dozen without blushing for her sex; no woman of spirit read it without anger. I am often made ashamed that I am a woman.

"When will the boasted 'gallantry' of men be seen in the *realities* of life, and not all done up in empty compliment in drawing-rooms? I do not wish to deny the faults of my sex—those common to humanity—nor to do away with a proper and useful amount of instruction from the 'lords of creation;' but I do contend that we are not being benefited by the impertinent freedom with which our affairs are discussed in newspapers: and that, in another generation or two, proceeding at the present rate, a woman will not dare appear in the streets for fear of jeers from boys, and may expect her own



son to paste a caricature of his mother on her own door.

"Perhaps this vice is owing to a want of what some woman-revolutionist calls the 'female element' in the corps-editorial. At all events, I have been tempted to wish myself an editor, that I might repay, as well as I could, the brethren of the press,—advice, ridicule, sneer, sarcasm, jest, and all. Many persons who have no delicacy of sentiment to give them feeling, can feel when pricked with the arrows of satire. Who will become our champion, and send these little arrows home?"

Let every true woman speak out as bravely as our sister, and there will be comparatively little need of "champions." Gird on the armor of self-respect, dignity, and truth, and the "sterner sex" *must* learn that it is not becoming a *man* to perpetrate libels on the sex which he has not the good sense to appreciate truthfully.

#### AURORA BOREALIS.

We awake at the deepest deep of night. What is this? neither sunlight, moonlight, nor starlight, yet a soft, ethereal day, whose roseate flush transcends the delicate tints of a summer dawn. We arise and go to the window. The earth seems thrilled by some mysterious passion, and the heavens are shedding down upon her a lambent, tender light. The north glows, rolls, and ebbs, and flows, a sea of of rosy ether, while the south sends on its troops of golden waves to meet it. These aerial tides of glory fluctuate—they melt, and deepen, and rise, and fall in a turbulence so silent and solemn that it produces the effect of a mighty repose. But the earth is not silent. The trees shiver. The rose-vines trail and sweep before the breath of an electric current which runs to and fro, bending the branches of the trees together, and forcing them apart with new, uneasy movements. Whispers never heard before thrill the restless shadows. What are they saying? What gorgeous pageant is transpiring in some far, frigid world, that the whole earth should be so moved with awe and so illuminated? Is it the marriage of the mighty Thor with some fair phantom bride, and are they passing to the superb cathedral of some lofty iceberg, whose aisles

and towers, whose windows and spires flash with golden radiance, waving rosy banners and flashing silver spears as the weird procession moves over fields of snow? We listen to hear some strain of the magnificent anthem rolling out of those vast aisles across seas which are frozen into level calm. Ah! we hear nothing but the whisper of the foliage near us, and our baffled fancy returns to the consciousness of luxurious verdure, flowers, the warmth and bloom of summer shimmering strangely beneath that singular, glorious, almost terribly-beautiful sky. The country road, checkered with light and shadow, which lies before us, seems haunted by phantoms, which are pacing up and down, whispering in an unknown tongue, beneath the fantastic lights that shine upon them from the troubled heaven.

#### LITERARY WOMEN.

Looking over "Read's" volume of "The Female Poets," the other day, we came to the sage conclusion that literary women, as a class, had been slandered, and that a rather unfounded prejudice existed against "blue stockings." The faces of those poets which were permitted to grace the publication were all of them pretty; some of them beautiful; the dress, was without exception in good taste, and the hair was in any thing but a neglected state, being mostly in bewitching ringlets or smooth and classic folds. The sweet countenance of Mrs. Osgood, so lovable, so charming, was enough to fascinate us without her poetry; and surely she was as lovely in private life as in her writings. Affection as well admiration, shall be the monument "To her Memory."

And so, with all the gifted ladies represented, we have no doubt many household writers and many womanly graces dwell. Literary women may, some of them, neglect home comfort. But what do merely *fashionable women*, as a rule, know about a well-ordered and economically arranged household! We should think it safer to have them engaged upon their harmless rhymes and romances (supposing these were of no great worth), than to have their thoughts utterly engrossed by plans for exciting admiration, and spending their money.

Idleness is the great cause of dissipation.



Let not the fair start at that word:—dissipation of health, of time, of money, of life, in frivolous pursuits. It would be better if wealthy females, who will not interest themselves in homely work, had some kind of a taste or talent, by the cultivation of which they could engross a portion of their time. Painting, poetry, music, have nothing in themselves to ruin the neatness, the gentleness of a woman; but *might* afford her some innocent pleasure and elevating thought. We are not of the opinion, either, that such pursuits are advisable *merely* as sources of amusement. No one can refuse to admit that woman has worked nobly and done much good within the last half century. And as it will ever be her pleasure and inclination to fulfill the mission of genius or of moral duty in the quiet and more retired paths of life, we believe that these and similar pursuits will afford a field for her abilities, and increase her influence and her happiness, without diminishing her home pleasures and those of her family.

## STARS.

"One star differeth from another in glory," so the most careless eye will discern in glancing at the evening sky. All are not "silver stars;" and especially in a northern hemisphere do the different hues,—violet, purple, green, crimson, and yellow,—flash out their varying splendors. Astronomers have viewed them; and poets have ascribed to them characters; as Longfellow when he sings:

"There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet, Mars.

"Is it the tender star of love?  
The star of love and dreams?  
Oh, no! from that blue tent above  
A hero's armor gleams."

Then again, people see stars differently. Some men can see them in the daytime, after a sudden motion has been carried, when the eyes and noses both have it, and he, if not his bill, is laid under the table. Others have beheld them almost as martial as the "star of strength," "beckoning with their mailed hands" when they have come upon a policeman, while engaged in unlawful

pursuits. Some young men can see stars in their lady-loves' eyes. The stars which shine forth most conspicuously on the Fourth of July, are those which "spangle" our national banner. There is also the operative star, or, in other words, "the star of the goodly companie;" and the "bright particular star," shining for its Romeo.

## THE ANSWERING HEART.

It beats for thee—it beats for thee—  
Through all the hours of the long day,  
That like mute angels, come and steal away;  
Through all the visions of the night,  
Made by sweet dreams of thee, too swift and bright.

Through all the hours that be  
A young heart beats for thee.  
Although thy deep and thrilling eyes  
Unclose beneath the blue of Orient skies,  
And when she starts from morning rest  
Her eyes look out through the majestic West,  
Absence and space can never chill  
The truthful glow and the exulting thrill  
Of the fond heart that only cares to be  
A living heart, that it may beat for thee.

It beats for thee—it beats for thee—  
As changeful and as changeless as the sea,  
Forever some new wave of thought  
Breaks on the shore, with some new treasure fraught;  
And still, whatever shape it wears,  
The Moon's strong tide within its breast it bears:  
Lo in that faithful heart  
New thoughts and passions from its depths upstart,  
And all, or soft or wide, at length subside  
To thee as to the Moon the ocean's tide.  
Whether it pulses like a calm south sea,  
Whether its throbbing loud and stormy be  
A young heart beats for thee.

It beats for thee—and ONLY thee!  
Loving and wild as human heart dare be;  
And every throb throws out a prayer,  
Restless and rising on the heedless air,  
To the great God of Love,  
That from his shining throne of power above  
He will thy dear feet guard  
With holiness and patience o'er the hard  
And pitiless rocks that lie  
Before thine anxious eye.  
That heart hath great and solemn trust in thine;  
And therefore doth not idly fret and pine,  
But waiting for "the thrilling joy to be,"  
It beats for ONLY thee.

## FALSE LIGHTS.

There are false stars which gleam so bright, my love,  
Leading thine innocent feet into the sea.  
Raise that sweet face, and look to heaven above,  
If thou would'st know where true lights burn for thee.



## HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

THIS is the busy term for housekeepers. The ravages of summer, in the way of dust, flies, etc., are to be repaired; the whole house wants renovating and putting in good order for the winter. Stoves (with those who are so unfortunate as to use them), grates, chimney-flues, and furnaces are to be looked after; the coal-cellar or wood-yard considered; curtains put up; blankets aired from their summer swathings; windows tightened; and matters generally made to put on that comfortable air which is the solace and delight of our severe winters. We give up the flowers with a sigh, and find the leaves dropping with a shiver; we dread the cold, and snow, and indoor-life which we know is coming; but we kindle the first fire of the season, and behold! autumn hath a charm of its own which reconciles us to the change. The country still looks beautiful, though chill, and the genial warmth and pleasant glow of the first fire promises so much of quiet enjoyment.

In the mean time, there are, before the frosts come which make this change necessary, sundry matters to be attended to. All housekeepers, of course, know what. Pickling, preserving, canning fruit, laying in winter stores—busy times, and considerable outlay of money, especially for towns-people, who have to pay extravagant prices for fruit,—but time and money which will be found well-spent, when the meager markets of the winter and spring render it impossible to furnish the table with a variety.

Nothing inspires the housewife with a more contented and independent feeling than the consciousness of a good supply of winter stores. When she looks around upon rows of canned fruit, glasses of jelly, and jars of pickles and jams; barrels of corned beef and pork, apples and potatoes, kegs of lard, crocks of butter, eggs, et cetera, and also reflects that the fuel is laid in for months to come, she may well feel a glow of satisfaction. For all who are able to obtain means in advance, it is certainly economy, as well as comfort, to buy such things by the quantity as can be made to keep. Nearly all kinds of provisions are high and scarce in

the latter part of the winter, especially fruits and vegetables. Plum-puddings and minced-pies will not then give a dinner so fine a relish as some simple dish of *fresh* vegetables; and the manner in which many vegetables are now preserved, renders them as fresh as when taken from the vines.

Foremost among these, to the lovers of that foreign-looking but affectionately-adopted vegetable, stands the tomato. It is cheap, plentiful, easily canned, and certain to keep, if properly put up; and of all things, seems best to retain its summer color and flavor. For persons who reside where they can obtain the services of the tinner at the required hour, we would recommend tin cans as safe and cheap. We have always used them, and never had any ill luck. We have put up peaches by paring, dividing in half, and bringing to a boil with about a pound of sugar to two or three of fruit, and having them sealed by the tinner while hot, which have kept through two or three seasons, taken a long journey in August, and when opened for use, have found them as delicious as the hour they were canned.

Persons have tried keeping tomatoes in jugs, but stone-ware is too porous; they will sour. Lima beans are nearly as good as in summer-time, to be pulled up by the vines after frost, or left in the pod, in a dry place, until wanted to be used. They require more cooking, but not as much as the small white beans. It is nearly useless to attempt to can beans, peas, or corn. Sweet corn is good enough, cut from the cob, nicely-dried, soaked over night before using, and seasoned like the fresh. It can be bought now in nearly all provision-stores. For those who are fond of rich, West-Indian-tasting sweet-meats, tomatoes make fine preserves. They look very handsomely. They should be flavored with lemon-peel or ginger-root; the latter is best.

For houses in bleak, exposed situations, and country-houses generally, double windows are a great protection against cold, and nearly save their expense in the smaller quantity of fuel required for keeping the rooms warmed. Doors especially, exposed



to winter winds, should be guarded by an outer inclosure, which may be removed during the summer.

Whitewashed rooms look rather prettier to have some delicate color added to the wash for the sides of the room, the ceiling to be white. It will cost but a few cents more.

**COLORS SUGAR FOR ORNAMENTS.**—Pound some sugar and sift through a coarse sieve: lay a little on a plate; pour upon it a few drops of carmine or prepared cochineal; mix it well in, then put it into your screen to dry, stirring it often. Keep it in a dry canister for use.

**LEMON CANDY.**—Three pounds of brown sugar and three teacups of water; set it over a slow fire for half an hour; add a little gum-arabic dissolved in hot water; skim it as long as anything rises. When quite clear, try it by taking out a little in a saucer; if done, it will snap like glass. Flavor with lemon and cut it in sticks. Peppermint or hoarhound candy may be made in the same way.

**COCOA-NUT CANDY.**—Boil the sugar in water, in proportion of a pound of sugar to half a teacup of water; stir in grated cocoanut; drop upon white paper, or buttered-pans to cool.

**CORN FRITTERS.**—To one dozen ears of sugar-corn grated, add one cup of milk, three yolks and the whites of four eggs beaten separately, a little salt, one table-spoonful of flour, and a little nutmeg. Drop the mixture by degrees in boiling fat.

**PIPPIN TARTS.**—Pare two oranges thin, boil the peel until tender and then shred it fine. Pare and core twenty pippins, and stew in as little water as possible. When half done, add half a pound of sugar to the peel and juice of the orange. When cold put it on puff's.

**PRESERVING BUTTER.**—The farmers of Aberdeen, Scotland, are said to practice the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of their neighbors: "Take two quarts of the best of common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of common saltpetre; take one ounce of this composition for the pound of butter, work it well into the mass, and

close it up for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich marrowy consistency, and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness nor tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says: "I have eaten butter cured with the above composition that had been kept for three years, and it was as sweet as at first." It must be noted, however that the butter thus cured must stand three or four weeks before it is used. If it is sooner opened the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards.

**TO BAKE TART APPLES.**—Pare the apples, dig out the core, and fill the heart with a small lump of butter and sugar; put a little water and sugar in the pan. Eat warm for dinner. They are excellent.

**PIE CRUST.**—One quart of flour, three-quarters of a pound of lard; put in half the flour to half the lard, and with water knead until smooth; roll it out thin three times, touching it each time with the lard, sprinkling it with flour, and rolling it up to be rolled again.

**COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of cold water, one teaspoonful of saleratus; spice to the taste. Mix stiff, roll thin, and bake crisp.

**KISSES, OR DROP CAKES.**—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of water, half a teaspoonful of saleratus; two eggs, four and a half or five cups of flour. Drop them on a tin, and put a lump of sugar in the center of each.

These two receipts are very convenient in a country where we can get no milk, and eggs are scarce.

**TOMATO CHOWDER.**—To one bushel of green tomatoes add 1 dozen green peppers; 12 common-sized onions; 1 quart of grated horseradish; one cup ground mustard; one ounce cinnamon; one ounce cloves, whole. The tomatoes, onions, and peppers chopped fine. Put the tomatoes and onions in a vessel over night, sprinkle a little salt over them, and in the morning drain the water off, put all together and boil them in clear water until tender, then drain the water from them pack in a jar mixed with the above-named spices and pour scalded vinegar over them.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE fall is truly with us; for, as we write, New York is going into woolen garments and the "new styles"—a sure sign of the early coming of King Frost. We should say that the year promises to be a prosperous one to tradesmen; and when these prosper, all classes feel the impetus—even magazine-publishers! Mercantile prosperity argues good crops, easy money market, flush hopes. We receive, from the South and West particularly, the most encouraging account of the crops and the general prosperous state of things consequent thereon. For which all must be thankful. The past three years have been years of trial to enterprises not founded on the most immovable basis—to hopes which depended for realization upon easy times and a generous trade. To no class have they proven of severer trial than to magazine publishers; since, as the times grew more stringent, the masses of readers took more to the papers for which their publishers were glad to take four cents. This *copper* literature, in consequence, has gained great strength; and we hear of the four hundred thousand subscribers of the *New York Ledger*, the one hundred and sixty thousand of the *New York Tribune*, the one hundred thousand of the *New York Mercury* as matters-of-course-facts, which the unreflecting think argues a still more enormous increase for the three years to come. It appears to us, viewing the case closely, that these enormous lists will not increase except through a very heavy and continuous outlay for "flash" advertising. As this system has become somewhat trite, and it becomes daily less available to secure the coveted readers, we can but infer that the big lists will fall off gradually, and the public taste will flow into other and less fictitious, less feverish, less unsatisfactory channels. That these boasted lists *are* falling away we learn, from good authority, to be the case; and we can not say it is to be regretted. Good periodical literature has had a hard struggle with the "fast:" book publishers have found themselves heavy losers from unsold editions of new books, which the public did not buy because this four-cent literature absorbed all

the spare time of general readers: magazine publishers suffered from like cause; if a change comes which sends readers back again to what is better and more permanent, there is just cause for congratulation, we can but think. And we feel it a duty to aid, in our small way, in diverting taste to better channels—to give to current literature only such writings as can not fail to impart a healthier tone to the literary sympathies of all who come within our circle of influence. It will be a most hopeful "sign of the times" when real good, carefully prepared magazines receive the proper encouragement of healthy, reliable subscription lists. That such a time will come—nay, already is making its advent, we must believe to be true. "The Home," while it is content with past support, will come into the field for a greater share of favor than has yet been meted out to it, by placing before its readers a more admirable magazine than it has hitherto been practicable to offer; and, if the change impending, in the taste of general readers, goes happily on as it now promises, we propose to challenge attention, and shall claim a support that must place this monthly in the front rank of family magazines. We, therefore, beg the friends and readers of this publication to give us just such place in their sympathies as we merit—to encourage and co-operate just so far as the merits of "The Home" warrant. That such, of course, will be the case we are sure; and shall see to it that our share is done toward rendering this monthly an instrument of usefulness, and of true mental and moral progress.

—As the season advances, the shop windows glow like an American forest in October. It seems as if colors never were so brilliant as at present. Black is the foundation; but it appears designed only to show off more conspicuously the yellow, orange, crimson, and scarlet with which it is edged, striped, or brocaded. Unmitigated yellow is universal. We have seen white evening dresses trimmed with two shades of yellow, deep and pale, or orange and primrose; the bouquets on the bosom and bodice being in roses of the same hues. Evening dresses



are made principally with one flounce at the bottom of the skirt, and an over skirt about two-thirds the length of the whole, coming down to meet it; the upper skirt trimmed down the sides to correspond with the bosom and sleeves. A good deal of trimming is put on, either bertha-fashion, or coming to a point on the bodice.

Velvet cloaks will be worn rather smaller than last season. In dress goods, plaids are taking the place of bayaderes entirely. Some rich goods we have seen in bright colors and large plaids. Set figures are also fashionable. Bonnets are as small and crinoline is as large as ever. The styles of sleeve are various, ranging from full flowing to half-flowing, open bishop, close bishop, puffs all the way down, etc. We have seen nothing as yet especially novel in scarfs, hoods, head-dresses, laces, embroideries, or shoes.

— The papers are beginning to remark upon the frequency of suicides. Verily, we do seem to be rivaling the French in the ease with which we "shuffle off this mortal evil." Self-murder is quite the fashion; it has become epidemic; and may, before the worst is over, become as fascinating as poisoning other people once was, or hanging witches. We should think America the last country for such a mania; but it seems otherwise. The philosophers will begin to speculate upon this new phase presently; and then we shall (perhaps) have our eyes opened to cause and effect. Here is a fine field for speculation for the students of humanity.

— The very gallant and courteous "*Home Journal*" contains the following editorial:—"It is said that a girl in Pittsfield was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises."

The editors of that paper are said to be gentlemen; the number of such flings at married life, and wives, in almost every issue of their paper would lead us to infer that, if they are gentlemen, they are very unfortunately wedded.

— The number of female donors to the "Museum of Comparative Zoology" just established, is noteworthy, as it reveals the

interest Prof. Agassiz has infused into the public mind in Boston on his favorite science, and also shows the public spirit of the opulent women of Boston. The subscriptions of this class were as follows: Miss Mary Ann Wales, \$100; Mrs. Abby L. Wales, \$100; Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, \$300; Miss Ann Wigglesworth, \$500, Mrs. G. H. Shaw, \$500; Miss Abby M. Loring, \$500; Miss Mary Wigglesworth, \$500; Miss Sara Greene, \$500; Mrs. Elijah Loring, \$500; Mrs. H. F. Sayles, \$1000; Miss Sarah Pratt, \$1000; Miss Brimmer, \$1000; Miss Mary Pratt, \$1000; Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, \$2000. Total from Boston women, \$9500. Who says that woman takes no interest in science, in its highest walks?

— The *London Critic*, and other English journals, state positively that the author of "Adam Bede" is Miss Mary Ann Evans, of Coventry, already known to the literary world by her remarkable translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," made in her nineteenth year! "Adam Bede" is a book of singular interest and power—the story of clerical life, trials, and rewards, in a country curacy in England. It is another monument to woman's genius. Miss Evans is said to have contributed largely to the *Westminster Review*—the papers on the duties, difficulties, and position of women, being from her pen.

— The Rev. Dr. Bellow's sermon on the "Suspension of Faith" is pronounced by *The Spiritual Telegraph* to be "no ordinary spiritual phenomenon." "It is based," says *The Telegraph*, "upon a preventing general spiritual influence, and is one of the most important conquests modern spiritualism has made. We had not expected it so soon, but it shows the power the New Dispensation is exerting in the minds of the people, both in and out of the Church." The "spirits" are bound to steal the doctor's game, after all. He doubtless thought his honors were sure, but here come the "meejums" to claim him as "one of them."

— Speaking of *spirits*:—we wonder if they had any thing to do with Senator Douglass when he wrote that Presidential article in *Harper*, for September?

— One of the novelties likely to come into vogue next season is the "chameleon



slipper," so called from the fact of its capacity for changing its hues as often as the taste of the wearer may suggest. The inventor is a Mr. Leprince, and the invention consists in the method of changing pieces of colored satin as often as the wearer desires, without in any way injuring the slipper. He makes a little pocket in the upper part of the slipper, under the perforations of the pattern, into which is placed the piece of colored satin to be worn. When the wearer wishes to change the color, nothing is easier than to withdraw one piece and insert another. A dozen pieces of satin on stiff linings of various colors and shades are sold with the slippers. Tasteful bows and ribbons with buckles may be also attached to the shoes by a simple contrivance, and as easily removed. Our readers may thank us for this *advance* information in regard to this slipper which, without doubt, will be "the style" next summer.

— We are unable to use "The Hearthstone of Stony Hollow;" "Lamartine;" "Story of a Trade;" "The Right Party;" "Sketch of a Western Town," etc. etc.

[The "sketch" evidently is personal, and, we must think, slanderous. A writer of such a "notice" of neighbors is particularly censurable when she refuses to put her name to the production. We want *no* anonymous contributions. If the author is too modest to give his or her name, then the same modesty should prevent the appearance in print at all; but if, as in the case above, the name is withheld because of the libellous character of the matter, we regard the writer with an aversion which words can not express. One of the very worst enemies of society is the gossip and scandal-monger; for no burglar, or thief, or drunkard can work as much harm. Scandal is one of the sins which the law can not well take cognizance of; yet it often deserves the penitentiary where it can only receive the scorn of those who hate falsehood and treachery.]

The poems, "Lines on the Aurora," "Belle Benton," "To the Poet," "A Pair of Beauties," and "The Blasted Hope," we are unable to use. It is our purpose to give only the best of poetry, and our young friends who send us "early efforts," must

excuse us for so generally laying aside their productions. We *hope*, in the coming year, to publish more truly *good* poetry than any magazine in this country. If we can not get what is good, we shall not give any, for a poor poem is worse than none—is the honey of Hybla with all the honey gone?

### BOOK NOTICES.

Books of the month multiply. We have before us twelve or fourteen—all fresh from the press. This shows either a large trade, or large development of the bump of hope in publishers. The truth, doubtless, is, both reasons prevail.

Among the best of those before us we may name:

1. BEULAH. By AUGUSTA J. EVANS (of Mobile). New York: DERBY & JACKSON. 12mo.
2. THE LIFE, BOOKS, AND TRAVELS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT: with an Introduction by BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: RUDD & CARLETON. 12mo. With Steel Portrait.
3. SYLVIA'S WORLD, AND CRIMES WHICH THE LAW DOES NOT REACH. By MRS. S. P. KING (of Charleston, S. C.) New York: DERBY & JACKSON. 12mo.
4. OUT OF THE DEPTHS. A Story of Woman's Life. New York: W. A. TOWNSEND & Co. 12mo.
5. TRAVELS IN RUSSIA AND GREECE: with an Account of an Excursion into Crete. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: G. P. PUTNAM. 12mo.
6. THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. Cheap edition. Uniform with the Waverly Series. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON & Bros. 8vo., paper covers.

We have, besides, "Miss Slimmens' Window, and other Papers. By Mrs. Mark Peabody. Beautifully illustrated with designs by J. H. Howard." Also the "Life of David Crockett, written by himself," "Smooth Stones from Old Brooks. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," etc., etc.

There have been recently added to the admirable series of DIME BOOKS, noticed in our last, several works of excellence and popularity. "Dime Song Book" number three is in press. It, like Nos. 1 and 2, contains the words of some of the finest songs



now before the people. A Dime "Book of Etiquette" is also in course of preparation, and will issue soon. It is the purpose to make it the *best* as well as the cheapest manual of politeness and address ever printed. These Dime Books are a great success, because they are so good—each in its department.

The first-named, No. 1, is a novel of most undoubted merit. It is the story of an orphan who, from the asylum, goes out into service—a creature unmarked by beauty, but with a soul of exquisite sensibility and a mind of a resource which is wonderful. A physician of singular character adopts her—she lives with him for years until her education is complete, when she goes out into the world, against the wishes of her guardian and friends, to battle with life for bread and fame. Her struggle is one of hardship, but she overcomes all, and finds a home of her own with her old asylum matron. Her guardian, angered at her independence, suddenly leaves the country and is gone for years. He returns to claim her hand and heart. Upon this surface,—narrative is woven a web of exquisite texture. The characterizations are strong and positive, reminding us of "Jane Eyre." But the under current of the book, which sweeps along like a great river, is what renders "Beulah" a work calculated to challenge attention. The sensitive, independent, almost rash girl, is struggling in the coils of modern systems of philosophy, to find a substitute for the Christian theology. Her guardian is an infidel, and shakes her early faith, so much so as to cast her utterly adrift on the dark, fathomless, starless sea of mysticism and speculative belief. Oh, the struggle of that noble, self-willed soul for life, hope, fame, love! Its story is wrought, as we have said, with power, pathos, purpose; and we commend it to our readers as a book which will indeed prove a companion to them. Let its lessons be a guide.

Humboldt's life (2) is a work much needed. No life of the great *savan* is available to the mass of readers, and our people are not, therefore, fully advised of the labors and results of this truly great man's life. In this work we have the record calculated to sup-

ply the want, though we are not fully satisfied with the record. It, doubtless, would take several volumes like this to tell the story of Humboldt's life and achievements properly. Such a work is a necessity, however, and we trust it may be forthcoming.

The volume by Mrs. King of S. C. (3) is a reprint. The first-named story, "Sylvia's World," is now being published in the *Knickerbocker* monthly. The others have, we believe, been published in various magazines. They are all characterized by purity and feeling, with a constructive power which makes the story pleasing and, in some degree, absorbing. The South is retrieving itself from the charge of indolence of its authorial genius. This volume is the fourth or fifth of mark, by Southern authoresses, during this year.

No. 4 is a book of which we scarcely know how to speak. Its story is a fearful one, of a life of shame, plainly, unequivocally told, yet it is pure in words, earnest in thought, and hopeful in its philosophy, and while it talks of shameful life, it gives, in contrast, the beautiful life which should, and would, be, if there were no virtue lost. The book has created a strong impression on the public mind of England, and is republished here, we are assured, from the best of motives. While we shall not commend it to the hands of sons and daughters, we shall not forbid it, so far as our editorial advice can prevail.

Bayard Taylor's letters from Russia and Greece (5) are collected in this volume, neatly printed, uniform with his other works. His writings are now so familiar to all as to need no editorial "notices" for introduction.

Peterson's "edition for the million" of Walter Scott's novels proved such a success, that he has determined to give us a similar cheap edition of the works of Charles Dickens (6) to embrace all that this writer has, thus far, given to the public. This will place the inimitable "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nicolby," "Pickwick Papers," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," etc., within the reach of all. An enterprise which does this, is one worthy of note and encouragement.